THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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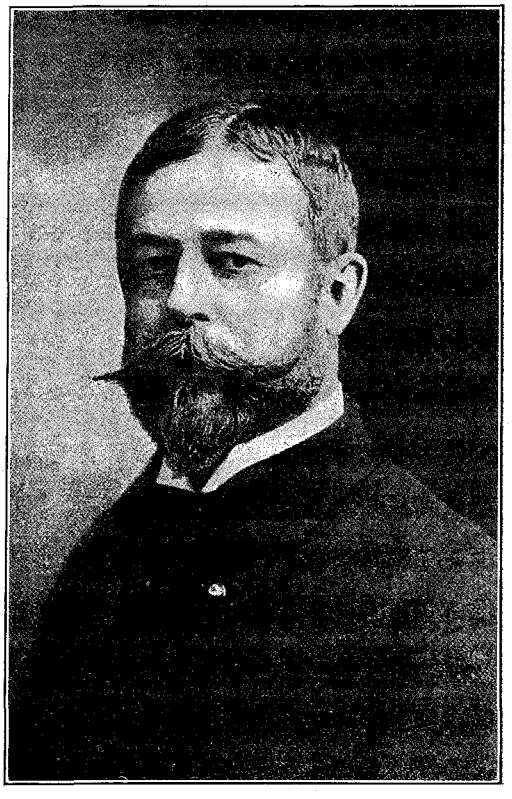
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Case against Rostand

We have recently received several communications and printed documents from Captain Samuel Eberly Gross of Chicago. With the coming of *Chantecler* to this country Captain Gross seems determined to reopen the old case against M. Rostand, and the purport of his communications is apparently to ask for an unbiased expression of opinion in the matter of *The Merchant Prince of Cornville, Cyrano de Bergerac* and *Chantecler*. It is an old story now, but we think that our readers will pardon us if we recapitulate it briefly.

When, in the month of January, 1899, the late Mr. Richard Mansfield presented *Cyrano de Bergerac* in the city of Chicago, he was enjoined by Captain Gross on the ground that the play was a piracy of Captain Gross's *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*. The complainant stated that he had first conceived the idea and plot of the play *The Merchant Prince of Cornville* in 1875; that he had reduced it to manuscript in 1878; that in 1879, 1880 and 1881 he had submitted it to various actors and theatrical managers; that in 1889 he took the manuscript to the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris and left it there for several weeks; and that in 1896 the play, duly copyrighted, was published in book form by the firm of Stone and Kimball of Chicago. So far everything is fact; what follows is naturally inference. Captain Gross professes to believe, and we have no doubts of his perfect sincerity in the matter, that either the manuscript of his play was seen by M. Coquelin, who was the manager of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and that M. Coquelin gave the idea of the play to Edmond Rostand, with the result that the latter wrote *Cyrano de Bergerac* and afterward *Chantecler;* or, that M. Rostand constructed these plays from reading *The Merchant Prince of Cornville* in book form. In support of the latter contention it is pointed out that Mme. Rostand is an Englishwoman, and that Rostand himself has a sound reading knowledge of the English language. In May, 1902, the



THE CHICAGO CLAIMANT

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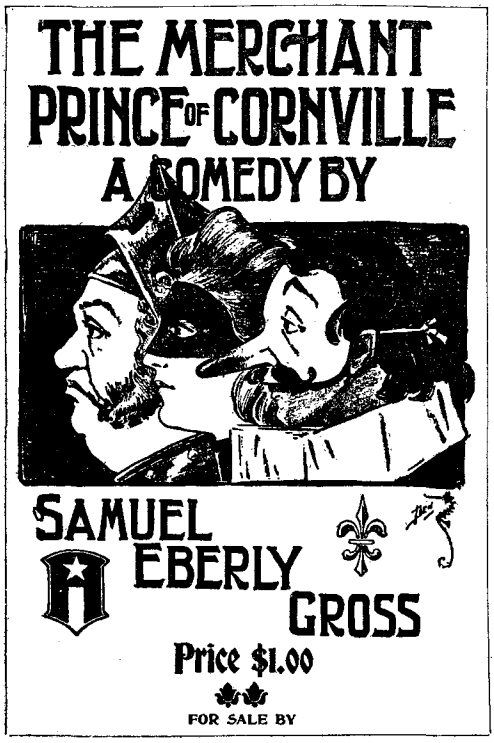

THE FRONTISPIECE OF THE BOOK

United States Circuit Court rendered a decision in favour of Captain Gross, in which it declared that "Tested by these principles, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the melodrama of *Cyrano de Bergerac* performed by the defendant Mansfield is a clear and unmistakable piracy of the complainant's play, *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*.

So much for the legal aspect of the matter. It must be understood, however, that M. Rostand took no steps to protect his American rights in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, not realising their importance. In support of his claim Captain Gross outlines the resemblance in plot and dramatic situations of the two plays and presents a number of parallels in language. To this evidence we have given very careful attention. We remain, however, decidedly unconvinced. Captain Gross and M. Rostand have simply made use of a certain number of stock situations that have belonged to the stage since the days of Euripides. That is all. The key situation to the two plays, that of one man speaking for another, is the same; but is not that almost the idea of *Romeo and Juliet* or of Miles Standish? As we have said, we do not for a moment question Captain Gross's sincerity, but from the evidence we can no more find a proof that *Cyrano de Bergerac* is pirated from *The Merchant Prince of Cornville* than we can consider *The Merchant Prince of Cornville* an infringement on the original title of the play known in England and this country as *The Chimes of Normandy*. No, Captain Gross, looking at the matter from an absolutely impartial point, this case against M. Rostand seems no case at all.

Against any play whatever it is the easiest matter in the world to bring charges of plagiarism and to bolster these charges into an imposing array. What is the theatre but the rearrangement of the old stock situations of all times? There was the case of the young playwright who brought a suit against Sardou, claiming that *La Tosca*—or was it *Fedora?*—was stolen from a submitted manuscript. The resemblance was proven and also the fact that Sardou had seen or had had easy access to the proffered play. But when M. Sardou was put upon the stand it was a very easy matter for him to show that if he had plagiarised from the young playwright, the young playwright had in turn plagiarised from thirty-six earlier plays.

M. Claretie's Impressions

The writer of a review in a recent number of the London *Academy* of M. Jules Claretie's *Quarante Ans Après, Impressions d'Alsace et de Lorraine* 1870, 1910, recalls the retort of a correspondent for *Le Figaro*, who, in the War of 1870, was refused the pass he applied for by a certain French general. *"Alors voila tout,"* replied the correspondent; *"c'est très simple; Le Figaro ne fera pas de réclame a cette guerre là!"* (Oh, very well then. *The Figaro* will not advertise this war.") The administrator of the Comédie Française, by the way, is of those who believe that Ger-

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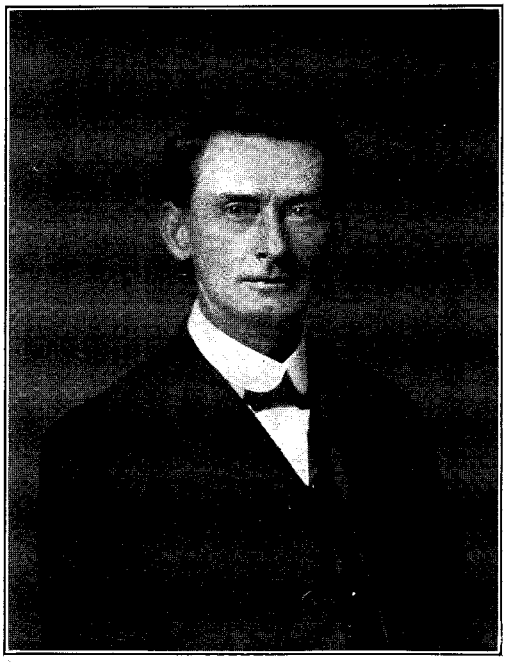
many has another war to make—nay, that she is making it already. *"Elle nous visait au cœur,"* he says, *"elle vise l'Angleterre au ventre."* ("She aimed at our heart; she is aiming at England's stomach.")

Watson, Wellington and Waterloo

When some one told Stella that Swift had written beautifully of one of her rivals, the lady received the maliciously intended shaft with perfect composure and serenity. "Of course, my dear," she replied. "The Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." We recall this anecdote as we take up Thomas E. Watson's *Waterloo,* which has just come from the press of the Neale Publishing Company; not that we regard the gentleman from Georgia as possessing the pen of the author of *The Tale of a Tub,* but because we believe it hardly possible for any one to write about the battle of Waterloo without being entertaining. This book is perhaps not history in the academic sense of the word, but it is very good reading. Mr. Watson's sympathies seem to be pro-



MR. WATSON OF GEORGIA

M. JULES CLARETIE, THE DIRECTOR OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE SERVICE DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS IN 1871

French, pro-Prussian, and not so much anti-English as anti-Wellington. Indeed, if we consider the whole matter impartially, the idolatry with which the England of his day and of subsequent generations has always regarded grim old Arthur Wellesley does appear somewhat preposterous. Mr. Watson accuses the Iron Duke of intentionally disregarding the pledge of support that he had given Blücher, of referring slightingly to the flank movement of Bülow, and of giving an account of the battle that was full of falsehoods and pernicious inaccuracies. Whether these charges be true or not, from the most conservative of English historians, one can draw an exceedingly unamiable portrait. Wellington always lacked what the "little officer boy" of the Kipling tale had; he fleered at the British private soldier who gave him such splendid support; he heartily favoured flogging in the army, and he probably never had the genuine love of a single human being. There is the possible rejoinder that he won the battle of Waterloo. But Mr. Watson will tell you that he did not.

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The "Saturday Review" and Mr. Dooley

We were just about to settle down for a pleasant hour or two with our old friend, Mr. Martin Dooley, of Chicago, when some one called our attention to a recent number of the *Saturday Review* of London. After we had read what that estimable periodical, always so courteous and amiable in its attitude toward America and Americans, had to say, we of course had to reconsider all opinions. We have never endorsed all the extravagant praise that has been indiscriminately lavished upon the philosopher of the Archey Road, but we have always regarded him as a wise and kindly counsellor and a genuine humourist. Of course he is not so spontaneous as he was in the days of the Spanish-American War, but we have held him to be entertaining and sane, and were hardly prepared for the crushing verdict of the *Saturday Review*. In the first place we learn that Mr. Dooley has "inherited all the traditions of the American school—all the traditions but one. He has the faults of the older Americans without the saving grace of their vitality. He is heavy-handed, not because he is too much alive to refine his ebullitions, but because he has not the skill or the strength to be light. . . . In Mr. Dooley's books for the first time we realise to the full the flatness and the tedium of American 'humour' grown to discretion." Again, "Mr. Dooley is a commonplace journalist who expresses himself in a peculiar jargon." Finally the *Saturday Review* takes up Mr. Dooley's language:

> And does an Irish-American really speak the language of Mr. Dooley? If he does talk the phonetics of Mr. Dooley's book, he has our sympathy. Certainly he should lose no time in severing the home ties that remain to him. As for the true Irish accent, he is a bold man that tries to get it onto paper. Synge did not attempt it, and Mr. Kipling had better have left it alone. We cannot believe that Mr. Dooley's mechanically perverse orthography represents any language or accent under the sun. We know it is not Irish.

But the *Saturday Review* is not content with crushing Mr. Dooley. It must take a genial fling at all American humour:

> Either you swallow these American humourists whole, or you do not stomach them at all. Begin to winnow away the chaff and you will find when the winnowing is done that there is very little left. As wit, the stuff is clumsy and blunt. As literature it will never count. As humour or satire—the terms are a misnomer. None of it—not the best of Mark Twain—will bear comparison with anything classicly comic, classicly humorous, or classicly satiric. To think for a moment of Molière, of Shakespeare, or of Swift in connection with this American "humour" is impossible. To think, even, of Congreve, or of Thackeray, or of Voltaire is to throw down *The Tramp Abroad* with a kind of wonder to catch one's self reading it. We doubt if it is even possible to think of Sir Arthur Pinero, or of Lady Gregory and to feel quite comfortable with Artemus Ward. What, then, is the virtue of these American humourists at the best? Why do we refuse to examine them for fear of having to put them down? Scores of people who read Artemus Ward bolt him with a kind of relish; but if they stopped to have a good look at him they would recoil in something like disgust.

Mr. Keppel's Reminiscences

Mr. Frederick Keppel, the New York art-dealer and authority on etchings and engravings, prefaces his new book, *The Golden Age of Engraving*, with a chapter of personal reminiscences. It was, it seems, quite by accident that Mr. Keppel entered upon his career. Forty years ago, when he was starting in business in New York—he came to this country from Canada, where his family had migrated from Liverpool, —he met an elderly London print-seller who was disgusted with the city and who, eager to return to England, besought Mr. Keppel to buy his stock of prints at any price. The latter offered him a hundred dollars, not wanting the prints, and hoping the offer would be refused. To his surprise, however, it was accepted, and Mr. Keppel believed he had made as bad a bargain as Moses, the son of the "Vicar of Wakefield," who sold a horse for a gross of green spectacles. But it was not long before he discovered that these prints had a very marketable value even at that day in America

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and in one visit to Philadelphia he realised sufficient profit to make him decide to become a print-seller. To do this he had to go to Europe to procure a stock, and then began that long series of visits to London and Paris in the course of which he not only met, but became closely acquainted with, most of the modern etchers and engravers of whom he writes. Sir Seymour Haden, Jacque, Legros,—the list is a long one, but perhaps the most interesting of all his associations was that with Whistler, which ended, like so many associations with that artist, in a quarrel. Indeed Whistler threatened to kill his ertswhile friend on sight. To this threat Mr. Keppel, being a poet, responded with a set of verses which he appends to the correspondence which passed between them, in the chapter entitled "One Day with Whistler."

But Mr. Keppel's anecdotes are not all of artists—artists, that is, of the needle and burin. One of the most entertaining is that of his sole meeting with Gounod. As a young man, he had been

FREDERICK KEPPEL

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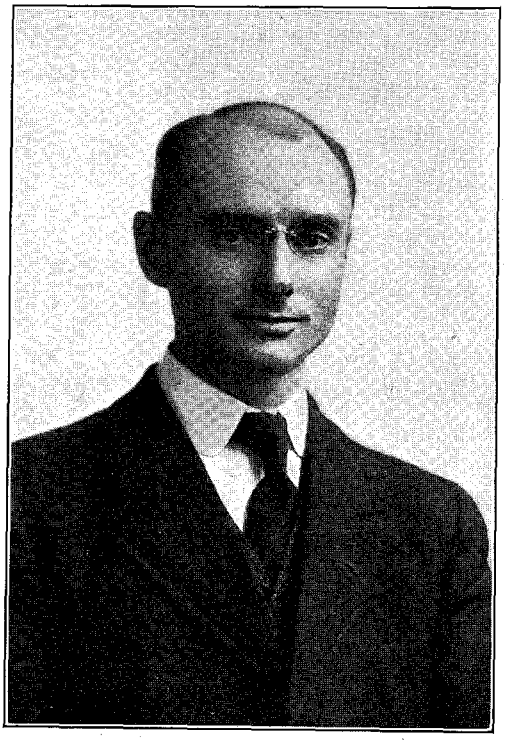
a member of the choir of Old Trinity, and when, after he left, arrangements were made to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of A. H. Messiter as organist and choirmaster, and it was decided to render a mass by Gounod in honour of the celebration, Mr. Keppel, who had to be in Paris on that date, determined to obtain a letter of congratulation to Messiter from the great composer himself. So, although he was warned that Gounod disliked Americans, he wrote asking for the letter, adding that he would call at



CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON
Mr. Jackson's "My Brother's Keeper" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

his house to get it the following day. "When I arrived there," he writes, "I was told that the master would receive me and that I would find him in his music room. I was ushered into a room as big as a chapel and I saw that the whole end of it, from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall, was filled with a great organ. At the organ the master was seated, and I remember that he was dressed in a suit of dark brown velvet and wore on his head a *toque* or cap of the same material. He did not leave his seat, but he said to me in French: 'You are the gentleman from New York,' and pointing to a table he added, 'There is your letter.' Gounod continued, 'But I do not like Americans; they steal my music.' I answered that this was true, but I assured him that the choir of Old Trinity never stole his music, because they always sang it from his own copyright edition. *'Ah; c'est bien,'* said Gounod, and then, looking at his watch, he told me that in four minutes he expected the visit of a friend who was to take him in his carriage for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. He added: 'For four minutes I am at your service; what shall I play for you?' Reflecting for a moment, I answered: 'Four minutes, master; then play me that instrumental introduction, before the voices come in, to the Credo of your Saint Cecilia Mass.' Then, for the first time, the old gentleman shuffled off his seat, came and gripped me by the hand, and said: *'Vous aimez ce morceau là; je l'aime moi-même! !* . . . Then he went back to his organ and played what I had asked for, superbly, and just as he had finished, his friend arrived and took him away. I never saw Gounod again."

This anecdote is followed immediately by one, equally personal, about Bob Fitzsimmons. We have not space to quote it, and merely mention the fact to indicate the scope of Mr. Keppel's reminiscences. We have referred to him as a poet. A whole chapter is devoted to specimens of his metrical experiments which are always of a personal order, and which include several Limericks. As an Italian Limerick is something of a rarity, we present the following in which "My friend Cecchino, of Begamo, having married a wife and bought a home, is supposed to speak thus":

Ecco la casa Cecchino,
È detta La Bergamolino;
Qui dimor', con la sposa,
(Felicita cosa!)
E, ogn'anno—un bello bambino!

As the curiosity of our readers may be piqued by the spectacle of the bird perched upon Mr. Keppel's knee in our portrait, it may be added that the bird is

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ROBERT E. PEARY IN ARCTIC COSTUME

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a magpie, and that for years Mr. Keppel has never been without a pet of this species. When his shop was in Sixteenth Street, he also used to keep a pet coon in the backyard, where the beast was the object of much attention from patrons and visiting artists.

A. M. BROADLEY

Caveat Emptor

The forgery of autograph letters for the purpose of entrapping the over-trustful or ignorant collector, Mr. A. M. Broadley tells us in his entertaining *Chats on Autographs*, is the product of the nineteenth century, although some of the French imitations may possibly be a little older. The modern forger obtains important aid from photography, but by way of compensation the enlargement of any given specimen by the same means is invaluable for the purposes of detection. The letters of Washington, Franklin, Nelson, Burns, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Scott were the first to attract the attention of the autograph forger in England. Thackeray and Dickens have been recently the object of his attention. Most of the Thackeray forgeries are the work of one man, who

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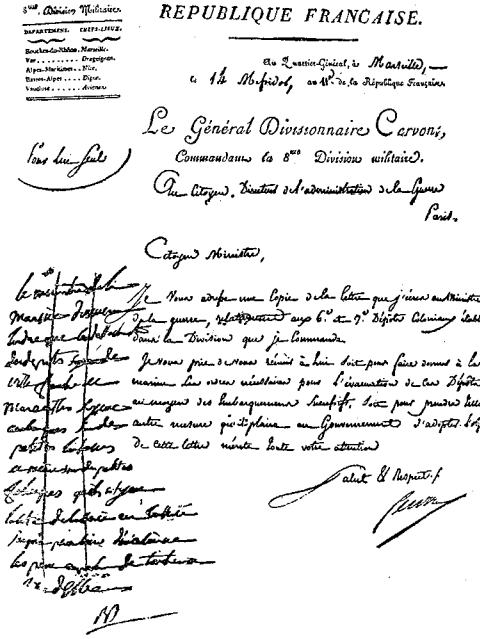
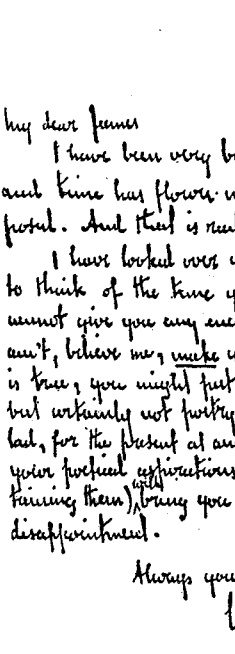
uses an ordinary pen and has a fondness for half sheets of paper. The forger apparently finds the upright hand Thackeray adopted later in life more to his taste than the less angular penmanship of his youth. A few years ago the London autograph market was inundated with forged letters of Thackeray and Dickens. The Dickens forgeries are generally betrayed by the printed address at the top of the letter being lithographed and not embossed. A forged letter of Thackeray was detected by the appearance of the letter "W" after London in the counterfeit postmark fully ten years before it could have done so legitimately.

The most extraordinary case in the annals of autograph forgery happened in France on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War. It is known as the Affaire Vrain-Lucas. Vrain-Lucas was a needy adventurer; Michel Chasles was a scientist of European reputation. Astonishing as it may seem, Vrain-Lucas, in the course of a few years, sold to Chasles, at an aggregate price of about one hundred and fifty thousand francs, no less than twenty-seven thousand autographs, nearly all of


REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

Le Général Divisionnaire Carvoni,
Commandant la 8me Division militaire.

FOURTEEN LINES IN THE WRITING OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE ON MILITARY ORDER, WITH HIS SIGNATURE, JULY 3, 1803


Onslow Square
August 14th.

My dear James

I have been very busy and far from well, and time has flown more quickly than I suppose. And that is really the fact.

I have looked over your "Poem"; and am sorry to think of the time you have wasted. Honestly, I cannot give you any encouragement to go on. You can't, believe me, make yourself a poet. In time, it is true, you might put forth very tolerable verse, but certainly not poetry. Stick to your desk, my lad, for the present at any rate. And throw over your poetical aspirations: they (if you persist in retaining them), bring you nothing but chagrin and disappointment.

Always yours sincerely
W. M. Thackeray

A FORGED LETTER OF THACKERAY, IN WHICH HIS LATER HANDWRITING IS IMITATED

which were the most audacious forgeries. Vrain-Lucas bestowed on his counterfeits very little care and attention. It was apparently not necessary. Beginning with an imaginary correspondence between Newton and Pascal, which was afterward easily proved to be impossible, he proceeded to fabricate letters of Rabelais, Montesquieu, and La Bruyère. Before he had finished, the amiable M. Chasles became the proud possessor of letters of Julius Cæsar, Mary Magdalene and even of Lazarus, after his resurrection, all of which were *written in French* and on *paper made in France.*

Literary autographs, Mr. Broadley tells us, in a chapter under that title, have always commanded exceptionally high prices from the early days. "I shall now," wrote a chronicler of autograph prices in 1827, "set poetry, history, and works of imagination against sceptres, swords, robes, and big wigs. . . . Addison is worth two pounds fifteen shillings, Pope three pounds five shillings, and Swift three pounds. Thomson has sold for five pounds ten shillings, and Burns for three pounds ten shillings. Churchill, the abuser

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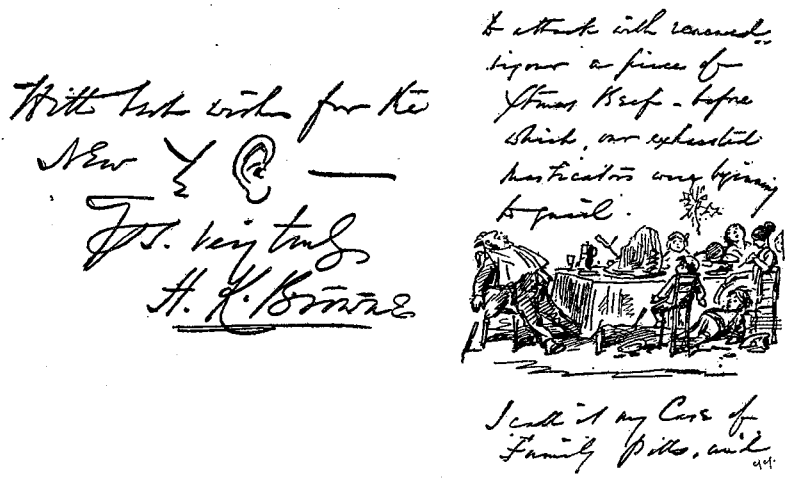
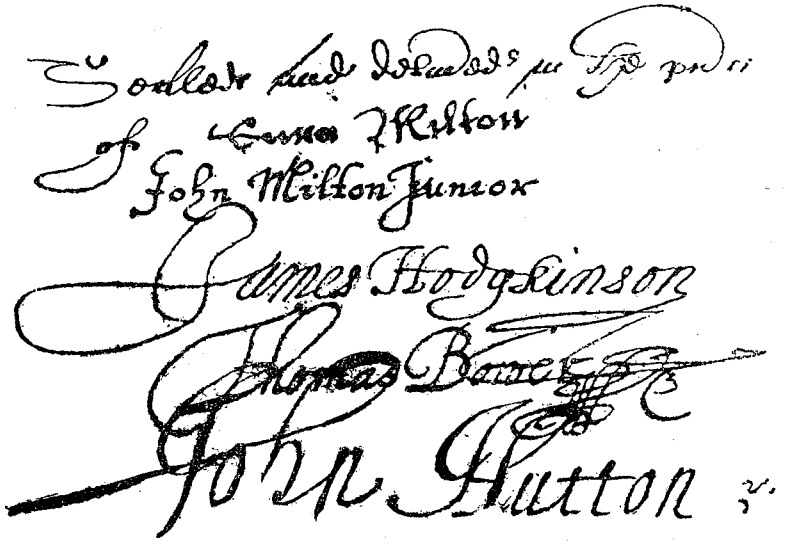


TWO PAGES OF AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER BY HABLOT K. BROWNE

of his compatriots, is valued at one pound eighteen shillings. In philosophy Dr. Franklin reaches one pound seventeen shillings; in history, Hume is valued at one pound eighteen shillings, and Gibbon at only eight shillings. The sturdy moralist Johnson ranks at one pound sixteen shillings, the graceful Sterne at two pounds two shillings, Smollett at two pounds ten shillings, and Richardson at one pound. Scott yields only eight shillings."

Since 1827, however, the prices of literary autographs have risen considerably. Two letters of Robert Burns are listed at thirty-five pounds and thirty-two pounds respectively, while in 1827 the price for a Burns letter was three pounds ten shillings only. Keats letters average twenty to thirty pounds. A letter by Thackeray is valued at twenty-five pounds. A catalogue issued in 1891 listed four letters by Shelley at eighteen pounds eighteen shillings, nineteen pounds nineteen shillings, ten pounds ten shillings, and nine pounds nine shillings respectively; a Schiller letter at twenty-five pounds and an Alexander Pope letter at eight pounds. On the other hand, Darwin averages only one



EARLY SIGNATURES OF JOHN MILTON ON DOCUMENTS NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. QUARITCH

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pound ten shillings, Disraeli eighteen shillings, and Dickens about two pounds.

Clothes

There is romance and the suggestion of rich colour in phrases like "the red-heeled days of seigneurial France." We draw a mental picture of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or the splendid lists of Ashby de la Zauche, where Wilfred of Ivanhoe and the Templar met in combat before the flower of Norman and Saxon beauty, and our own age seems prosaic and commonplace in comparison. But a book like George Clinch's *English Costume from Prehistoric Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century* brings sad disillusion. The Lady Rowena, for example, may have been well worth all the sacrifices and arduous pilgrimages which her knightly admirers made for her, but when we study the outline of the dreadful headdresses and astonishing bodices which impartial history tells us that she wore, the modern heroines of Mr. Chambers or Mr. McCutcheon or Mr. Tarkington assume a new and hitherto undiscovered attraction. We are reproducing a few of the illustrations of Mr. Clinch's book. They almost reconcile us to the atrocity of the hobble-skirt.

LADY'S HEADDRESS AND RUFF, 1616

A LADY OF 1479

In Bygone Days

A quaint view on "women's wrights" written in the middle of the last century, appears in Oswald Garrison Villard's *John Brown: A Biography Fifty Years After*" (Houghton Mifflin Company). Owen Brown, father of John Brown, wrote as follows to his granddaughter on the occasion of her marriage:

There is much said about women's wrights in these days and it is tru they have there wrights and what are they but the love and care of a faithful Husband, with a share in all his honours, joys and comforts of every kind, if he has good Company she must be a shearer if he has no company she must be his good company. If hir Husband is in trouble and affliction she must be afflicted and sympathise with him and make them as lite as possable. Sometimes Men bring troubles on themselves, in such cases Men or Women want there comforters and had not ought to be deprived while at some time we see it quite the reverce. I was once in company with a woman and asked about another Cupple, how they got along. She said they jest rubed along. I told hir I was indebted to hir for the way she had expresed it, this is the case of very many Husbands and wives, they jest rub along and the wheals of time never go chearful and clean but they are always rubing.

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LADY'S HEADDRESS, 1533

Again the "Ad" and the Novel

Now it is the novel of a distinguished Englishwoman novelist that is being regarded with not unkindly suspicion. "What do I think of it?" replies a gentleman of very sound literary standards. "Plot, Ahem! Characterisations, Hem! Action, So, so! But above all an exceedingly effective advertisement for the Canadian Pacific Railway." A great many persons seem inclined to agree with him in this opinion. That, however, does not necessarily imply that the novelist has in any way prostituted her art. To say that a certain book is an advertisement of a make of automobile, or a breakfast food, or a typewriter, or a brand of razor, is not to charge that the author thereof received money for that reason. Was not the refectory of M. Terré in the New Street of the Little Fields exploited by reason of the immortal lines:

> Green herbs, red peppers, saffron, dace,
> All that you get in Terré's Tavern
> In that one plate of bouillebaisse?

Yet who shall charge that a certain prematurely old gentleman with whitening hair and a broken nose was inspired by any thoughts of immediate recompense or prolonged tick?

We have always had some curiosity as to how far back this association of the "Ad." and the novel goes. Doubtless, in some crude and undeveloped state, it existed in the days of Apuleius. Perhaps it may be suspected in the verse of Pope, the satire of Swift, or the highly flavoured romance of Mademoiselle de Scudery. But it is hard to trace it back positively beyond the first half of the nineteenth century. There are frequent allusions to it in the novels of Balzac. In the year 1851 it made its appearance in a French court of justice in a squabble between two tradesmen. One of the foremost practitioners of the craft at that time was Léon Gozlan, an intimate of Balzac and a well-known dramatic writer of his day. On one occasion Gozlan was commissioned to write the serial story for one of the daily newspapers. He immediately drew up a detailed account of the plot he intended to employ, with descriptions of the principal scenes and incidents. He then charged an advertising agent to carry this document to the leading tradesmen of Paris, and in his name to propose to them (of course for a consideration) to introduce their names and addresses, with puffs on their wares in particular places. His prospectus ran somewhat in this way: Chapter I. Marriage of the hero and heroine. (Here the author can introduce the name and address of the former's tailor and the latter's milliner, with a glowing description of the excellence of the garments.) Chapter XX. The husband, having obtained proof of

LADY'S HEADDRESS, 1541

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his wife's guilt, rushes upon her with pistols and poison, and offers her a choice of death. (Names of gunsmiths and apothecary to be introduced here.) Chapter XXI. She dies and is to be buried. (Name of undertaker.) Chapter XXII. Turns out to be only in a trance, and is brought to life by Dr. —— of No. —— Rue ——.

The Lure of the Stage

The Baroness Bettina von Hutten is apparently another novelist who is succumbing to the lure of the footlights. She is writing plays now, and last winter, in order to learn a little about the stage, she took the part acted the year before by Miss Ellen Terry in *Pinkey and the Fairy,* given at His Majesty's Theatre in London. The accompanying photograph shows her dressed for that part. To prove that she was a good actress to a manager who had said that she never could disguise herself, she recently put on a special costume and went to call on him in company with an actor, who introduced her as his aunt from Yorkshire. Despite the fact that the Baroness is normally of unusual appearance, being fully six feet in height, the manager was absolutely deceived. Baroness von Hutten's novel for this autumn, by the way, is entitled *The Green Patch.* It is issued in this country by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Some Dickens Memories

Little Dorrit is no more. That is to say, the original of the child of the Marshalsea Prison has just died in England in the person of Mrs. Georgina Margaret Hayman. She was in her eighty-first year, which made her twenty-six at the time that Dickens began the tale. Mrs. Hayman was the daughter of a Mr. Bridges, who was a London solicitor and for many years an intimate friend of Dickens. Her brother, who died while still a lad, is said to have inspired Tiny Tim in *A Christmas Carol,* and also have gone into the making of Paul Dombey. The London *Evening Standard* recently interviewed Alfred Tennyson Dickens, the oldest surviving son of the great novelist. Mr. Dickens has been forty-five years in Australia and has just returned to England. In the course of the interview he said: "The original of the raven in 'Barnaby Rudge' was one we kept at Tavistock House, not its successor, which died at Gad's Hill. The former bird, I remember, was an intelligent, although

BETTINA VON HUTTEN IN ELLEN TERRY'S RÔLE

at the same time a troublesome creature. He was an excellent linguist, and one of his favourite pastimes was to call up the coachman at the most inconvenient hours of the night. 'Tupping,' it would call, 'master wants the horses—master wants the carriage!' Tupping used to think the

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summons came from one of the maids, and one night he had actually got the horses into the carriage before discovering the deception."

"It is largely, I think, because he has gone on with a broadening vision of life, a steadily ripening knowledge of the world, and sympathy with human character, that Mr. A. E. W. Mason has retained the popularity he won fourteen years ago with *The Court-*

A. E. W. Mason

CHARLES AND MARIE HEMSTREET

Some years ago Mr. Hemstreet wrote "Nooks and Corners of Old New York." Now, in collaboration with Mrs. Hemstreet, he discusses "Nooks and Corners of Old London."

ship of Morrice Buckler," writes Mr. A. St. John Adcock in the English *Bookman.* "Read *Morrice Buckler* again, and then *The Four Feathers* and *The Broken Road,* and you will realise at once how Mr. Mason has grown up with his readers; you can read *Morrice Buckler* still with keenest pleasure, but the later books yield you a fuller enjoyment—they have put off the delightful glamour and reckless gallantries of gay romance, and have put on the soberer, more enduring garb of humanity, that does not wear romance upon its sleeve, but more poignantly, more wonderfully, at the troubled heart of it.

"Mr. Mason was born in 1865. He is an old Dulwich College boy, and took his B.A. degree at Oxford. At Oxford, too, he showed a strong predilection for the drama, and was one of the University's amateur actors. He has his place in that record of the Oxford Amateurs that was recently written by Mr. Alan Mackinnon. Later, he took to the stage in earnest, and toured the provinces with the Benson Company and the Compton Comedy Company, and played in London as one of the soldiers in Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man.* But the ambition that summoned him to the stage presently called him off again, and in 1895 he commenced his career as a novelist. It was not a very promising beginning. His first novel, *A Romance of Wastdale,* was well enough received by critics, but the public did not rise to it, and Mr. Mason seems to have suppressed it with unnecessary rigour, for competent judges who have read the book regard it as one of more than ordinary distinction. However, its author had not long to wait; he was not destined to tread that orthodox way to fame which is paved with rejected manuscripts. A year later, in 1896, Messrs. Macmillan promptly accepted *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler,* and its publication immediately gave Mr. Mason his place as an uncommonly popular novelist. It was the book of the day; within a few weeks everybody was reading and talking of it; it ran through many thousands, and, like most of Mr. Mason's stories, has now an unflagging sale in one of the popular sixpenny series.

"*The Philanderers* appeared in 1897, and in quick succession came *Laurence Clavering; Parson Kelly,* written in collaboration with Mr. Andrew Lang; *Miranda of the Balcony; The Watchers; Ensign Knightly,* an admirable collection

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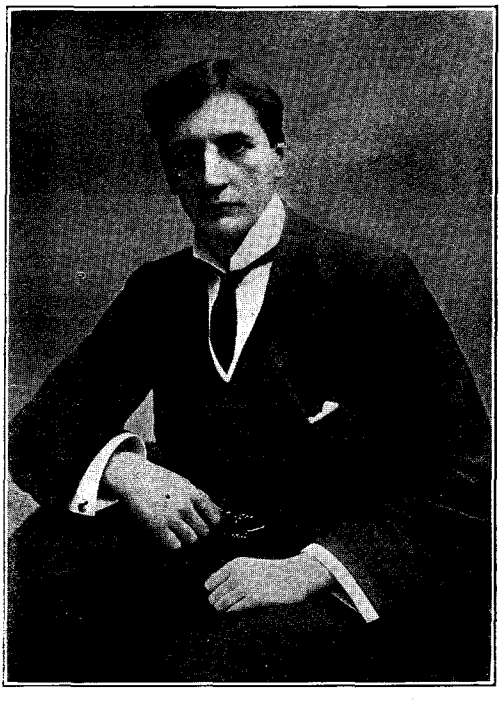
of short stories; *Clementina,* that has all the dash and headlong gallantry of Dumas and a grace and pathos that Dumas had not; *The Four Feathers; Running Water; The Broken Road;* and recently his latest novel, *At the Villa Rose.* Moreover, since he gave up acting in other people's plays, Mr. Mason has written three or four plays of his own. In collaboration with Miss Isabel Bateman he dramatised *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler,* and it was successfully produced at the Grand Theatre, Islington, and had a long run through the English provinces; in 1901 a dramatic version of *Miranda of the Balcony* was staged in New York; 1909 saw the production of his drama of *Colonel Smith;* and last year his picturesque comedy, *Marjorie Strode,* was introduced to London playgoers by Mr. Cyril Maude.

"Most authors would have found these varied interests sufficient to fill all their time and blunt the edge of their natural energies, but Mr. Mason does not belie his looks, and has more energy than most; he is not one of the sedentary breed nor contented to study life in books or from his library window; the noise and business of it have always called to him irresistibly; he has roamed the world rubbing shoulders with all sorts and conditions of humanity everywhere, and his later books mirror much of his own experiences and the countries and people he has known. In 1906 his superabundant energies sought a new outlet, or a new ambition prompted him, and he entered the world of politics, threw for Parliamentary honours, and was elected M.P. for Coventry. He signalised his advent in the House of Commons with a notable maiden speech, proved himself shrewd and eloquent in debate, and if he had not escaped we might in due season have been the richer by a sagacious and sympathetic Cabinet Minister, and one brilliant novelist the poorer. But fortunately the fascinations of the Mother of Parliaments were not so potent as the charms of that Muse who presides over the doings of all good novelists, and at the last General Election Mr. Mason was not to be persuaded to offer himself as a candidate again."

Pater and Vernon Lee

The appearance of a new book, *Althea,* by Vernon Lee, recalls a story that we once heard about the author and Walter Pater, of whom she is the literary and æsthetic disciple. Years ago, before Miss Violet Paget—which is, of course, Vernon Lee's real name—had even met Pater, but not before she had begun to correspond with him and express her admiration for his work, the author of *Renaissance Studies* wrote and invited her to spend a weekend with him and his sisters at his house in the country. Pater himself had been



A. E. W. MASON

staying in town at the time, and both host and guest arrived on the same evening but on different trains, and so late that they at once went to their rooms without having met. It happened, however, that Miss Paget had had nothing to eat, and being hungry, she determined to make a raid on the dining-room and pantry in the hope of finding the cracker-jar. So, arising, she arrayed her tall and rather gaunt form in a long white dressing-gown and sallied forth down the stairs. Now it

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seems that Pater had one weakness. This was a fear of ghosts that had persisted from childhood, and that he tried his best to conquer. Often he would get up in the middle of the night and force himself to sit for half an hour at a time in one of the rooms in the lower part of the house, with his chair in the middle of the floor, and the lights turned down to the spook-point. This night he had taken up his position in the dining-room just in front of the folding-doors. He had not been sitting there long when, to his horror, he saw a white apparition advance slowly and with measured step directly toward him. The sight was too much. All his laboriously acquired self-control went in vain. He jumped up, gave one blood-curdling cry, and, making a dash, found himself suddenly in the arms of the ghost. It was thus that Vernon Lee met Walter Pater.

Rossetti's Limericks

In the October number of *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who writes his reminiscences of the Pre-Raphaelite poets, gives some specimens of the Limericks of which Rossetti wrote large numbers, but which were known only to his friends and have never been collected. Mr. Hueffer quotes two of these. The first refers to his father, a German printer from Munster, who came to England to found a periodical called *The New Quarterly Review*, and to spread the light of his idol, Schopenhauer. It reads:

There was a young German called Huffer,
A hypochondriacal buffer;
To shout Schopenhauer
From the top of a tower
Was the highest enjoyment of Huffer.

Another was written on the fly-leaf of a volume of "Lear's Nonsense Verses," presented to Oliver Madox Brown:

There was a young rascal called Nolly,
Whose habits, though dirty, were jolly,
And when this book comes
To be marked with his thumbs
You may know that its owner is Nolly.

The greatest repository of these Limericks of Rossetti's was the painter, Val Prinsep, who died two years ago; and our informant, who knew Prinsep, recited a number of them. Unfortunately all but one have passed from memory. This is the one that Rossetti addressed to the painter himself:

There is a creator named God,
Whose doings are sometimes quite odd;
He made a painter named Val,
And I say and I shall,
That he does no great credit to God.

The opening couplet of still another remains, clinched, no doubt by the cleverness of its multiple rhyme:

Here lies poor Arthur O'Shaugnessy,
On the chess-board of life but a pawn was he.

Mr. Hueffer's father married the daughter of the painter, Ford Madox Brown, and her sister married William Michael Rossetti, so that Mr. Hueffer grew up in the closest association with the Rossettis and their circle. Hence the anecdotal richness of his reminiscences. As a writer he himself is principally known in this country as the collaborator of Joseph Conrad in several books, though he has published a number of his own. Conrad occupies one of his cottages in a Sussex village near the Cinque Ports, which is also the home of a number of other men of letters, notably Mr. Henry James and Mr. H. G. Wells. Collaborating with Conrad is no easy task, and was undertaken by Mr. Hueffer only as the readiest means of getting that writer's books finished and out of the way, as Conrad would rather do anything than write, and is a prince of procrastinators. We believe it was Mr. Hueffer who "discovered" Conrad in the sense that the manuscript of the latter's first book came to him while he was a publisher's reader for a firm in London, and that he read and reported favourably upon it, securing its publication. It was in this way that the association between the two men began. It has been close and even intimate ever since, and Mr. Hueffer has handled all Conrad's literary affairs, so that he is not only his landlord but his man of business and banker as well. Mr. Hueffer was the editor of the *English Review* which he started, until it was bought recently by

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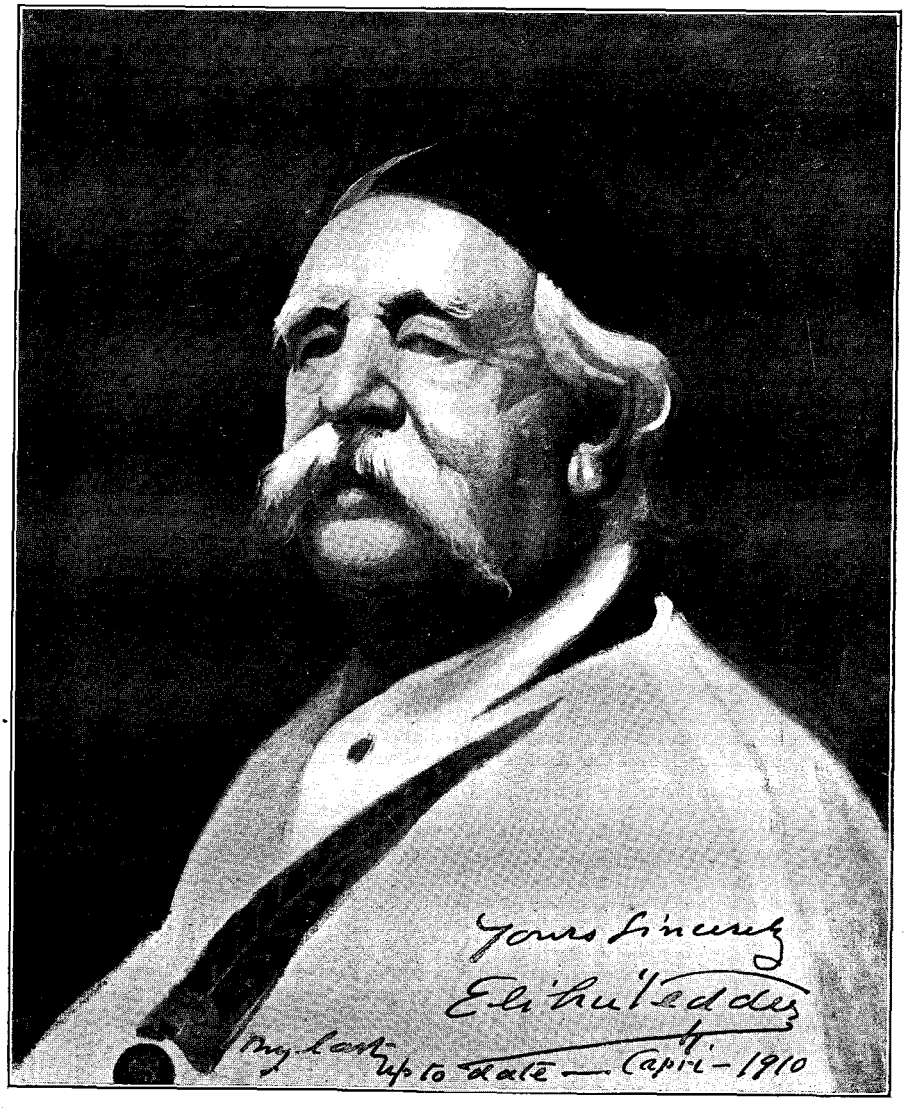
Pearson to add to his string of periodicals. He visited this country several years ago and wrote a book about us.

Certain Rich Men

Oscar Wilde said that Nature, plagiarist that she is, always imitates art. Of course one mustn't be too sure that Mr. Wilde meant it—he would have his joke; but if he told the truth, we may shortly look for a startling epidemic of renunciation among our millionaires. No less than three novels in the last year have dangled before our eyes the amazing picture of the malefactor whose crime is his wealth, voluntarily relinquishing the wages of sin, sloughing off the burden of overmuch money, turning from the hard path of financial responsibility to the easy road of simple poverty. Mr. White of Kansas began it with *A Certain Rich Man.* Then Mr. Herrick, in *A Life for a Life,* brought forward two Renunciators—his



ELIHU VEDDER

Mr. Vedder's forthcoming volume, "The Digressions of V," will be discussed at length in a later issue.

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Anarch, who renunciated because he was an anarch, and his hero, who resigned his captaincy in the army of industry to espouse the cause of the people. And now Mr. London, preacher of the gospel of brutality, worshipper of the strong man who has his way at all costs, finds the highest development of his type in *Burning Daylight,* who turns his back on Big Business to retire to a ranch, and when he finds a gold mine on the ranch covers it up and plants eucalyptus trees over it. Evidently the idea has seriously struck more than one person that it is possible to have too much money. There are men of imagination among our millionaires. Sooner or later the idea will strike some one of them forcibly enough to penetrate, and then the world will be treated to a spectacle for which it has long waited. Incidentally the novelists and Mr. Wilde will have their vindication.

Curiously enough, the novelists were needed to display the embarrassing ethical dilemma which the renunciator must face. Any one can preach to the rich man to become poor, but the mere preacher is not compelled to stop and think out the precise way. The novelist has the concrete case on his hands, and it is not so simple as it seems. To renunciate is praiseworthy; the man who assumes the rôle must do so from a worthy motive; and how is he to get rid of vast sums of money without doing incalculable harm to innocent persons? Mr. White's John Barclay does it, after much cogitation, by buying back every share of outstanding stock of his great National Provisions Company. It takes exactly all the money he possesses to do it; and when he has burned the stock, he stands where he was before he began the process of accumulation. Mr. London's hero is of a different stripe, a gambler instead of a business man; having brought his affairs through a panic to a point where the immense sums involved are safe, he simply turns his back and invites the deluge, because he has learned that love and business are incompatible. In both cases the sober reader's credulity is perhaps strained; but until some accommodating millionaire shows us how the trick can actually be turned, the novelists must perforce fall back on the exercise of the pure imagination.

How Fogazzaro Works

Signor Fogazzaro's family complain that he works too hard. When he is engaged on a novel he is at his table by five in the morning, and does not end his day's work until ten at night. They blame his publishers, but Fogazzaro will not hear of that. "It is I who want to get it finished," he declares; "I want to finish it and feel that I may breathe freely again." His method of work is to begin by making rapid and brief incidental notes; then he prepares a full scheme, which he modifies during the progress of the story, more particularly as regards the personalities of the protagonists, who are always invented. He rarely makes any alterations in his secondary characters, for they are almost invariably observed from life. He revises, recasts, and rewrites largely, and takes a pleasure in doing so. Of *Leila,* the first two-thirds were written slowly, he says, "with many halts, a little everywhere, in Rome, Vicenza, Montegalda, Valsolda, and elsewhere. The last part, on the other hand, came quite easily, at once. I finished writing it in the Valsolda inn at San Marnette, where I retired for a week, so as to have absolute solitude. Then I started corrections, which were much greater in *Leila* than in any other of my novels." The final revision and re-writing occupied him for some three months.

Italian Humour

While this perhaps has nothing to do with current literature, we jot it down because it impressed us as being particularly good, and because it illustrates as well as any story that we have ever heard the peculiar quality of Italian humour. Fasolacci is a youth of much elegance and little discretion. He has been spending right and left, and one day he finds himself unable to pay his hotel bill. Owing to the avarice of his father he appeals to his uncle:

DEAR UNCLE: If you could see my shame while I write, you would pity me. Do you

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know why? Because I have to ask you for one hundred francs and know not how to express my humble gratitude.

No, it is impossible to tell you! I prefer to die.

I send you this by a messenger, who awaits an answer.

Believe me, dear uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew,

FASOLACCI.

P. S. Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him; but I could not catch up with him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him or that this letter may be lost.

F.

The uncle receives the letter, is touched by its contents, considers, and replies:

MY BELOVED NEPHEW: Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence heard your prayer. The messenger lost your letter. Good-bye.

Your affectionate uncle,

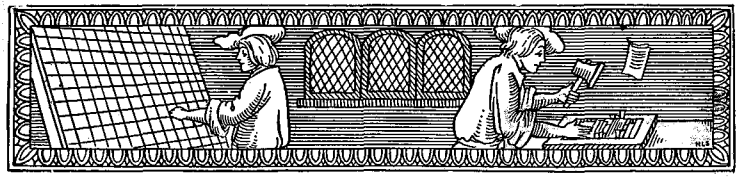
ARISTIPPO.

"Whirligigs"

Although there is another volume of O. Henry's stories to be published next spring, *Whirligigs* is practically the last of his books to be issued under Mr. Porter's own direction. For next year's volume no title has yet been selected, although the name will be one of those suggested by the author in the letter which we reprinted in our September issue. At present it is enough to speak of *Whirligigs*, for it shows no diminution of the author's power and invention. In this volume there are tales that rank with the very best that O. Henry has given us; for example, "The Hypotheses of Failure," and "Calloway's Code," and "A Newspaper Story," and "The Hound and the Theory," although in the situation of the last-named tale there is a curious resemblance to the dilemma of the old darkey in "Thimble, Thimble" of an earlier volume. We call attention to this, not in a spirit of criticism, but because it is so very unusual to find O. Henry repeating himself.

The O. Henry Biography

Mr. Harry Peyton Steger, of Doubleday, Page and Company, is the literary executor of the late William Sidney Porter (O. Henry). He would like to have copies of any letters or documents from the famous short-story writer or to hear from anybody who is interested in a biography of "O. Henry." Communications should be addressed to Mr. Steger, in care of Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City, New York.



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KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

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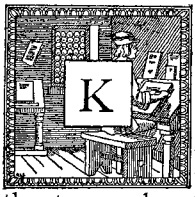
REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XIV—Kate Douglas Wiggin

BY CALVIN WINTER

I—Her Methods



ATE DOUGLAS Wiggin is one of those rare and delightful spirits in modern literature who, by a certain quiet charm of their own, have freed themselves from most of the trammels of form and tradition to which more ordinary writers are subject; who even in doing quite ordinary things do them in an extraordinary way; who in all they do, are in themselves, their personality, their attitudes toward life, their own best excuse for so doing—and who, when they happen to fit in most appropriately to a particular scheme of things—as, for instance, Kate Douglas Wiggin herself fits in to the scheme of the American Story Tellers Series—do so with a unique appropriateness.

Ordinarily, the qualities or the demerits of a literary production are matters to be determined quite aside from an author's personality, the place and hour of his or her birth, the inches of his or her stature and all the other little details of a personal or domestic nature into which, after our modern habit, we are forever inquiring too closely. In the present case, however, there are just a few facts that are worth putting briefly before us at the start in order to understand more clearly this particular author's sources of inspiration, range of interests and limitations of experience. That she was born in Philadelphia; that she lived throughout her girlhood in the midst of the peaceful beauty of rural New England; that at the age of eighteen, after her stepfather's failing health had made a removal to California imperative, she joined her family at Santa Barbara immediately after her graduation from the Abbot Academy at Andover; that she has been twice married, the second time to Mr. George C. Riggs in 1895—although she continues to use her earlier name as the signature of her literary productions; that it was directly through her efforts that the first free kindergartens for poor children were organised in this country; and that for the past twenty-five years she has been prominently associated in many an administrative capacity with important educational movements—these facts concern us for our present purpose only to the extent to which they explain why her writings are what they are, and why they could not well have been otherwise.

A single sentence will serve to make this clear. Kate Douglas Wiggin is at heart a romanticist whose romance is woven not from the stuff that dreams are made of, but from the homespun threads of everyday life. She has an exuberant and unquenchable spirit of optimism, of the sort that bubbles up spontaneously at the most unlikely moments, casting a dash of gold across her pages, just at the moment when the shadows seem to lie heaviest. She reaches the heart and she appeals to the memory because she has in abundance this power of making very ordinary lives seem beautiful; because she writes only of the life that she has seen; and because, from the first story that she wrote up to the most recent, she has always preserved the clear directness of narration, the unaffectedness of form that are the qualities inborn in any one who hopes to interest a youthful audience, to hold bright, eager little faces under the spell of a spoken tale.

A glance down the list of Kate Douglas Wiggin's writings in any one of her pub-

Preceding papers in this series have dealt with Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, F. Marion Crawford, Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington, Margaret Deland, Ellen Glasgow, Robert Herrick, Gertrude Atherton, Robert W. Chambers, O. Henry, Winston Churchill and Stewart Edward White.

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lished volumes reveals upward of a score of titles—and these are exclusive of the educational books and the various collections of children's stories that she has compiled and edited in conjunction with her sister, Nora Archibald Smith. It would seem at a glance that Mrs. Wiggin had a rare fertility of imagination, a wide range of interests and an unusual power of productiveness. But a little closer examination shows that such variety and range as she achieves are produced from very simple and limited materials, like melodies of much depth and tenderness played on only one or two strings. The settings of her stories are of three types: the California of her early memories, based on those two years in Santa Barbara; the rural New England of her entire girlhood, which she has somewhere described as "all the years that count most"; and the British Isles, which have given her—probably because she came to them later, in the full maturity of her receptive powers—a broader horizon and a keener intellectual stimulus than either of her other settings. She has said of herself that the more familiarity she has with a subject the less she desires to write about it, because "exact knowledge hampers one's imagination sometimes." In this respect, almost any one of Mrs. Wiggin's admirers will take the liberty of telling her that she is in a measure mistaken. It is only that saving "sometimes" at the tail-end of the sentence that keeps her from being very far astray. It is her perfect familiarity with the New England fields and woods, the New England ways of speech and dress and thought, the New England types of men and women and children—the types of children above all things—that is the golden key to the success of such books as *Timothy's Quest* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* Nor has her familiarity with these subjects made her one whit the less eager to revert to them. New England is her chosen field and she goes back to it again and again, with no visible diminution of interest or of power. On the other hand, it is quite easy to see how the stimulus of foreign scenes of the kind that produced the "Penelope" series might grow dull as their familiarity increased. The whole point to *Penelope's Experiences,* as to Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad,* was the first sharp imprint of the unfamiliar, the incisive force of contrast—and, of course, each subsequent impression was bound to become less keen, like the duller mintings of a coin as the die begins to wear smooth.

Details of this sort, however, will be seen more clearly when we come to take up her separate works for discussion. For the moment, let us consider frankly what her standards are as a writer of fiction: what ideas she has of form and of technique, what plan she seems to make for telling her stories and to what extent she succeeds in building them according to the accepted rules. In this connection, it seems worth while to quote a passage of reminiscences by her sister, Nora Archibald Smith, giving a rather graphic glimpse of what sort of a child it was that was destined to grow into the woman who to this day has preserved such a marvellous insight into the hearts of the children both of real life and of her dreams. The passage in question may have been widely circulated or it may not. It may form part of a preface to some volume already in its many thousands, or it may be an extract from a private letter; in any case, the present writer ran across it for the first time in a recent article by Ashley Gibson, published in the London *Bookman.*

My sister was certainly a capable little person at a tender age, concocting delectable milk toast, browning toothsome buckwheats and generally making a very good Parents' Assistant. I have also visions of her toiling at patchwork and oversewing sheets like a nice old-fashioned little girl in a story-book.

Further to illustrate her personality, I think no one much in her company at any age could have failed to note an exceedingly lively tongue and a general air of executive ability.

If I am to be truthful, I must say that I recall few indications of budding authorship, save an engrossing diary (kept for six months only) and a devotion to reading.

Her "literary passions" were *The Arabian Nights, Scottish Chiefs, Don Quixote, Thaddeus of Warsaw,* Irving's *Mahomet,* Thackeray's *Snobs, Undine,* and *The Martyrs of Spain.* These and others, joined to an old green Shakespeare and a plum-pudding edition of Dickens, were the chief of her diet.

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The centre of interest for our immediate purpose in the above passage lies, of course, in the list of favourite books. What a splendid stimulus they are, one and all of them, to the young imagination and how superbly defiant of the trammels of modern technique! Who in the world, if his reading had been limited to these books, even though they include such gems as *The Christmas Carol* and *Undine* and the *Forty Thieves,* would ever dream, even remotely, of the modern short-story form with its insistence on unity of effect and economy of means? And this is an excellent place at which to say that had no one seen fit to betray what Kate Douglas Wiggin's early reading included, it would have been a safe venture to make up from pure conjecture very nearly the same sort of list. In the case of an author who combines so many merits with so few defects there can be no harm in saying quite bluntly that however much or little she may know of the accepted rules of story structure, she quite deliberately and blandly ignores them wherever she sees fit—and to a critic who rates the importance of technique of form rather highly it is almost exasperating to find how frequently she justifies herself—and by breaking the rules secures an effect that could not have been gained by adhering to them. She seldom knows when she has reached the end of a story; she almost always stops too soon or else not soon enough—that is, if you are judging her stories by the ordinary tests. But that is precisely what nobody wants to do. If she stops too soon, no one ever thinks of saying to her, "This is inartistic and unfinished"; not at all, they simply emulate Oliver Twist and cry for more. If she fails to notice when the end of a story is reached and goes steadily onward with that unflagging power of invention, that felicitous mimicry of human types, that sparkle and sunshine of hope and faith, no one would ever think of stopping her, of saying, "You have gone beyond your goal, you ought to have turned in at the gate!" They are only too glad that she forgot to turn in. And all this is as it is for the very simple and sufficient reason that with Kate Douglas Wiggin, just as with a few other big-hearted, clear-sighted writers, whose purposes are very simple and few and worthy, the substance is so vastly more important than the form—or rather, I ought to say, than somebody else's dictum of what the form ought to be. The easiest way to understand why Kate Douglas Wiggin's books are just what they are and not something else; why she is in a measure an anomaly in American letters, being on the one hand so peculiarly native and even local that one feels it would be possible to pick out the particular habitation of her childhood simply by strolling through New England byways until one happened upon it; and yet, on the other, so cosmopolitan that she has been frankly recognised in England by more than one critic as our leading writer of her sex with just one possible rival, Mrs. Wilkins Freeman; and that while she has that high standard of good taste in letters that makes her next of kin to Agnes Repplier (is this, by the way, a mark of sisterhood due to her Philadelphia birth?), she nevertheless has achieved that approval of democracy so conclusively and substantially attested by sales that reach the two hundred thousand mark—the easiest way to understand all this is to remember that before she was known as a writer she was a master hand at kindergarten work; she knew how to hold the attention of children, she knew the way which for her was the best, the inevitable way, to tell a story to children; and all the stories that she has told and all the stories she has printed have owed their power and their charm to that pervading simplicity and sincerity and naive literalness that made her success as a teacher of children.

And it is precisely in the spirit of childhood that the public has received her books. Whether she writes of the simple-hearted Rebecca or the cosmopolitan and sophisticated Penelope, there is the same clamorous demand for more—a demand which, like all good-natured story tellers, she does her best to gratify. And because they are all imbued with this simple, unaffected, kindergarten spirit, the public receives them with the uncritical mind of childhood, closing its eyes to the fact that the further adventures of Rebecca are not quite as good as the earlier and that the experiences of Penelope in Ireland and Scotland lack some-

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thing of the freshness of her first months in England. How many times we have heard children clamouring for "Just one more story"; and the tired story teller says doubtfully, "But I don't know any more stories; I haven't any good ones left!" and the children answer, "We don't care, tell us anything—anything so long as it is a story and you tell it!" That, in brief, is the public's attitude toward Kate Douglas Wiggin, tacitly expressed by the popularity of each new book. And, after all, an author can hardly have a higher order of praise than this public testimony that her worst is preferable to many another author's best.

II—Her American Stories

The writings of Kate Douglas Wiggin fall of their own accord into three classes, one of which, the purely educational, written in collaboration—such as *Froebel's Gifts* and *Kindergarten Principles and Practice*—do not concern us here. The other two groups are, first: the bulk of her writings, being stories dealing more or less directly with the life problems of children and so written that they appeal almost equally to the child reader and to the man or woman who has preserved, even though pretty deeply buried, some smouldering embers of the childhood spirit; and, secondly, a group of books much harder to characterise because they are not, on the one hand, novels, nor, on the other, can they fairly be called inspired guide books; and yet, unless they are to be recognised as in some proportion a blending of these two, there is no other existing classification for them.

The childhood stories begin as far back as 1888 with *The Birds' Christmas Carol,* a simple, tender, whimsical Christmas tale that has quite justly come to be already a sort of children's classic. Then followed in swift succession *The Story of Patsy, A Summer in a Cañon*—one of the few books due to her Santa Barbara memories—and, in 1890, *Timothy's Quest.* This volume is worth while pausing over for a moment, not only because it is an excellent prototype of the bulk of Mrs. Wiggin's works, but because it helps us to see how limited, after all, are the variety of threads with which she weaves and the patterns that she chooses to make. Timothy is a lad of ten or eleven —foundling asylums are not over-particular in their records; Lady Gay, his protégée, is an exceedingly pretty child of possibly eighteen months or more. Certain people have seen fit to pay periodic sums, for the support of these two waifs, to a bedraggled and drunken hag named Flossie, in a reeking slum known as Minerva Court. For the simple reason that so far as the writer is aware this is the one time in all Mrs. Wiggin's fiction where she has permitted herself to picture a slum, it is worth while to quote briefly from her description of Minerva Court. Had she chosen to do so, she might, not ineffectively, have rivalled the squalour and repulsiveness of Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets.*

> Children carrying pitchers of beer were often to be seen hurrying to and fro on their miserable errand. . . . There were frowsy, sleepy-looking women hanging out of their windows gossiping with their equally unkempt and haggard neighbours; apathetic men sitting on the doorsteps, in their shirt-sleeves smoking; a dull, dirty baby, disporting itself in the gutter; while the sound of a melancholy accordion (the chosen instrument of poverty and misery) floated from an upper chamber, and added its discordant mite to the general desolation. The sidewalks had apparently never known the touch of a broom, and the middle of the street looked more like an elongated junk-heap than anything else. . . .
>
> That was Minerva Court! A little piece of your world, my world, God's world (and the Devil's), lying peacefully fallow, awaiting the services of some inspired Home Missionary Society.

This paragraph is here set down chiefly for the sake of its contrast to all of Mrs. Wiggin's later methods and ideals. Not that she has ever lost her interest in the swarming life of big cities, the brilliant and the sordid alike. To realise this one has only to read her account of market night in one of the "Penelope" chapters entitled "Tuppenny Travels in London." Yet, in that very chapter, she voices that prevailing spirit of her books which insistently iterates that in a world where there is so much sunshine it does not pay to look too closely into the shadows:

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As to the dark alleys and tenements on the fringe of this glare and brilliant confusion, this Babel of sound and ant-bed of moving life, one can only surmise and pity and shudder; close one's eyes and ears to it a little, or one could never sleep for thinking of it, yet not too tightly, lest one sleep too soundly, and forget altogether the seamy side of things.

But to go back to *Timothy's Quest.* Flossie, the hag, has died and the almshouse is the destined fate of Timothy and Lady Gay. But the instinct of chivalry and protection has awakened early in Timothy; and in obedience to this instinct he steals out into the night with the baby girl in his arms and laboriously, doggedly, fearlessly makes his way far from the city, hour by hour, mile after mile, till a beautiful, restful, eminently safe country home by the wayside appeals to him as the ideal spot where Lady Gay should find a home. The mere fact that this farmhouse is presided over by two mature spinsters who have never before in their lives had children around them is not a matter to daunt a valliant soul like Timothy's nor disconcert a Heaven-sent story teller like Mrs. Wiggin—and, of course, Timothy triumphs gloriously in all his plans. The point that it seems worth while to make right here is that in this book, just as in *Polly Oliver's Problem,* a little later, and still again in both of the Rebecca books, the underlying motive, the germ idea, as one may call it, is a sort of premature sense of responsibility, possessed by just a few children, an embryo foreshadowing of the father love or mother love which is to come later, that makes the Timothies and the Pollies and the Rebeccas of real life bend their fragile shoulders under burdens almost too heavy for their young strength.

It would not be within the scope of the present article to speak at any great length of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* It has received, to be sure, quite triumphantly the popular vote. Its central character is the one that already enjoys the widest acquaintanceship and that, now that she has come before the footlights, is destined to a new and still wider fame. *Rebecca* is probably the volume by which the author will be most frequently measured in literary analyses, largely for the reason that it is the one by which she is most easily measured. If we make due allowance for the change in manners and ideals from generation to generation, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* appeals to the readers of to-day for very much the same reasons and with very much the same right that Miss Alcott's *Little Women* appealed to an earlier generation, and *The Wide, Wide World* to a generation still more remote. Indeed, if one shuts one's mind to the rather exasperating priggishness of that earlier period, the ubiquitous praying and psalm singing and reading of Scriptures which in those days was an inseparable quality of all properly conducted little heroines, there is a good deal in the advent of Ellen Montgomery to her Aunt Fortune's farm, her sensitive shrinking from her aunt's rough ways and rougher tongue, her haven of refuge in the slow-spoken, slow-moving farmer, Mr. Van Brunt; and, in general, the whole atmosphere behind the story of New England farm life, farm hardships and farm festivals—there is, it seems to me, in all this a great deal of the same sort of appeal as that which the present generation finds in Rebecca. But, of course, there is one rather important distinction: it was the habit in those days to look resignedly upon this world as a vale of tears to be passed through somehow as best one could, while to Kate Douglas Wiggin and to one and all of her heroines, it is such a supremely glorious thing just to be alive and to smell the flowers and see the sunshine—and the author who can spread the contagion of such feeling among a few thousand of readers is a sort of "inspired Home Missionary Society" in herself.

One would like to have the space to say a few pleasant things about *Rose o' the River,* which is as tranquil and naive a little pastoral as a modern *Daphnis and Chloe. The Old Peabody Pew* is another slim little volume—at least so far as its text goes; it is the ambition of the illustrator which has necessitated the wide page and ample margin—that tempts one to a disproportionate amount of notice. Just the fulfilment of a long-cherished dream, the final blossoming of a hope that had almost withered in the heart of a New England girl, now a girl no longer, who had seen the bright years slip away,

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one by one, while she waited, mutely, patiently, for the lover who had gone away to seek his fortune; the lover who through all these years had sent no word and to all appearances had forgotten her. It is a true Christmas story, bright with the spirit of hope and faith and love—and what is more it is also the best piece of fiction, so far as pure structure goes, that the author has ever put together.

III—The Penelope Books

The second and last group into which Mrs. Wiggin's stories divide themselves are those whose scenes are enacted in the British Isles. As already intimated, they are of a more urbane, more sophisticated type, and appeal, in consequence, to a more special audience on both sides of the Atlantic. Of these volumes, the first of the Penelope books, containing that delightfully independent and well-poised young woman's experiences in London and in rural England, is easily the bright and shining gem of the collection. The late Mr. Laurence Hutton did not quite share this view. To his enthusiastic appreciation any gradation of merit in the "Penelope" books was not to be thought of. "Her first course," he once wrote, "served in England, is as delicate and savoury as is her second course, purveyed in Scotland; while her third course, now being dished up in Ireland, promises as well as did those which preceded it. We can only hope, before the symposium is brought to a close, that she will regale us with Wales as a salad, and with the Isle of Man as a dessert."

Now Mr. Hutton's enthusiasm is easy, not only to understand, but to share. Those three volumes, devoted to the confidential relations from the facile and diverting pen of Miss Penelope Hazelton, are surely to be numbered among that sadly small collection of modern volumes that people of real culture and intelligence find themselves, from time to time, reverting to for another, and another, and yet another perusal. But to pronounce all three of them of equal merit is to proclaim one's own lack of discrimination. It is the same sort of mental astigmatism as would prompt one to claim that there was no gradation of merit between *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and its companion volumes devoted respectively to The Professor and The Poet. As there is so much to be said in praise of the "Penelope" books, it is well to begin with what little there is to be said against them and to have it over with. Kate Douglas Wiggin, it may be said parenthetically, never attempted a regularly constructed full-length novel; Penelope is her nearest approach to a regulation heroine. And that simplicity of structural form, that tendency to harp upon just one or two strings which pervades all her other works, is equally in evidence here. Let us analyse, quite briefly and without malice, these three volumes which, for convenience' sake, we may christen the Trilogy of the Rose, the Heather and the Shamrock.

First, in *Penelope's Experiences in England,* we are introduced to that perennially delightful trio, Penelope herself and her two travelling companions, Francesca and Salomina, offering an infinite variety in feminine moods, temperaments, appearance and even age. Whether regarded as a guide-book, as a *picaresco* novel of the gentler sex, as a summer idyll or as just a miscellany of feminine cleverness, the book is a delight; but any one who wishes to epitomise the plot finds himself reduced to something like the following:

A young American woman, charming but fancy-free, finds it a pleasant summer's pastime to be made love to intermittently by a young man very much in earnest amid the picturesque surroundings of English byways and hedges, churches and ruined castles. Then comes a weary interregnum during which the suitor is detained elsewhere. A little loneliness teaches her what she ought to have known all the time and prepares her to give him the right sort of a welcome when he at last comes back to claim her.

The experiences in Scotland simply shift the limelight from Penelope to Francesca. A charming and unattached young woman finds it pleasant to be wooed amid the Scotch heather by an earnest young *meenister* of the *estaiblished* church, but she too remains somewhat uncertain of her own mind until a few weeks' separation gives him a chance to come and play the conquering hero.

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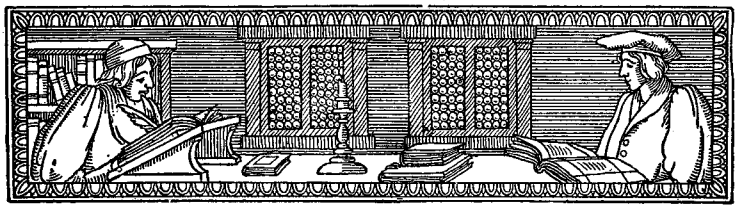
The experiences in Ireland are again the same tune in a new key with Salomina in the central focus. Salomina is not exactly young, though still undeniably charming; and not strictly unattached, because many years ago she loved an Irishman, who inconsiderately married some one else, but is now a widower. She, in her turn, finds it pleasurably romantic to be courted in a reserved, middle-aged fashion, amid the Irish lakes, the bogs of Lisconnel and the glens of Antrim. She too finds a brief loneliness salutary and is quite prepared to signify a cordial assent just as soon as she gets another chance.

Such at least is the summary which an unfriendly critic might give if he felt in a carping mood. There is a rather obvious duplication of plot running through these books—which, after all, is a better and franker thing than an artificial attempt at variations when the author knows, and the reader knows, and the author knows that the reader knows that the plot is only a makeshift at best—something to carry the real vital substance of the book, and every bit as conventional as a blue muslin rose or a cigar-store Indian.

The real charm and magnetism of these "Penelope" books depends, of course, upon their personal equation. Mrs. Wiggin chose for her purpose the freest, most elastic vehicle that she could find for conveying her exceedingly subtle and equally frank observations of such points of difference as must inevitably strike the cultured and well-bred American visitor to the British Isles.

That she has done this thing with rare tact is best evidenced by the fact that the English enjoy the cleverness of her attack quite as much as we do ourselves, and that such a paper as *The Spectator* genially remarked that she is the most successful ambassador that the United States has yet sent to England. The "Penelope" books are a part of the mental equipment that every visitor to the British Isles should, as a matter of course, provide himself with upon his first visit—in precisely the same way that on his first trip down the Thames he will read Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat;* or William Black's *Strange Adventures of a Houseboat;* and that every new pilgrim to Florence or to Rome acquaints himself as a matter of course with *Romola* or with *The Marble Faun.*

And yet there is a certain inevitable compunction that follows even a suggestion that the romance of these "Penelope" books is perfunctory. One feels, somehow, that the author's eyes would follow one with a haunting disapproval—because to her the world is obviously made up of romance. She cannot help it; she is so constituted, and thank Heaven that she is! Because there are so lamentably few writers to-day in whom sunshine and bright hopefulness and the joy of living are incarnated; and among these Kate Douglas Wiggin holds a privileged place.



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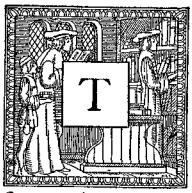
INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

VII—The Society Novel

Editor's Note: The following article on the verity of the so-called society novel has been prepared from opinions expressed on the subject by several individuals whose names are familiar to readers of the newspaper society columns, by a well-known Fifth Avenue restaurateur who, by virtue of his occupation, has had numerous excellent opportunities to view certain phases of society life as depicted in the novels, and by the butler in one of the smartest residences in Manhattan. Obviously—and necessarily—the names of these persons are withheld.



HE first person interviewed on the society novel was a Philadelphia woman who, since her marriage to ——, of New York, three years ago, has been an active figure in the social world of the metropolis. This woman has always interested herself in literature and, previous to her marriage, was an intermittent contributor to the standard magazines, writing under a pen name not dissimilar to that affected by a certain English writer of the present day. These are her views: "Although I am a member of what is known as the 'smart set' and although I am perfectly frank in confessing that society life has exercised its fascination over me to a very considerable degree, my devotion to literature and fondness for writing have prevented me from becoming immersed in a purely society existence to the extent of losing my sense of perspective. Therefore, I feel that I am able to view society quite as fairly and dispassionately from the outside as from the inside. I am without decided prejudice, either from the one viewpoint or the other. The average society novel, I must honestly say, is ridiculous. I will even go so far as to assert that *four out of five* of the so-called society novels are ridiculous. I am considering in these novels only their society atmosphere, mind you! There is Joseph Medill Patterson's novel, *The Little Brother of the Rich,* for example. Society people certainly expected a more accurate picture of themselves and their lives in this novel because of the fact that its author has himself been a member of the very set of which he has written, not a very active member, perhaps, but a born member, nevertheless. You remember this novel? Its central character, alleged to be a typical modern society woman, was described as 'a huntress of men.' She was constantly involving herself in murky love affairs, divorce, scandal and immorality. She changed her husbands as a normal woman might change her hats. The central male character was a 'typical society man,' who did nothing but spend his time dubiously between 'society women' on the one hand and actresses on the other. The subsidiary characters—also bearing the equivocal society brand—were chiefly engaged in watching cock fights in drawing-rooms, tattling, gossipping, wasting their time in nothingness, and making fools of themselves. Even to the most prejudiced person this 'novel view' of society must be malicious. One hears much about scandal in society circles, but, honestly, are there not ten scandal cases in lower social strata chronicled in the newspapers every month for one to the discredit of society? Society women are just as busy as other women; they have fully as much to do. Seeking scandal is no more their hobby than it is the hobby of women of another class. To be sure, a society woman may occupy her time with bridge, teas, at the modiste's, with the masseuse, and at the dance, where her sister of another world occupies her time with pies, making up the beds, and similar less glamourous, homelier pursuits, but the fact remains that, nevertheless, be the items what they may, her time *is* occupied. And it is the same with the men. They remain at their offices quite as long as do their employés. Go down into Wall Street, for instance, and see for yourself. The exceptions test

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the rule and find it solid. When a scandal crops out in society circles all the world and his wife hear about it, but let scandal crop out elsewhere and it is relegated to the far corner of a newspaper's inside page. Scandal is not scandal these days unless the names that figure in it are big names. And the newspaper scandals of which I spoke before will, I repeat, treat of ten 'big names' out of society, *real* society I mean, to one 'big name,' or any name, for that matter, *in* society."

The second person asked to express an opinion on the society novel was a masculine member of three of the leading metropolitan clubs, a member of the Newport colony, and a man who, since 1895, has figured in most of society's "smart" affairs. Said this man: "The trouble with the writers of what the public is pleased to call society novels, lies in the fact that they either regard society as an Arcady filled with beautiful women, swaggering men and gay cotillions, or a lavender hell in which souls are seared, babies killed and time and lives wrecked. Society is neither the one nor the other. The society, for example, that Upton Sinclair has written of has never existed this side of Bloomingdale. I have heard that Sinclair obtained employment as a butler in a Newport cottage so that he might get an 'inside' peep at the world of which he wanted to write. I can only state that he must have made a mistake. He must have taken a job in Atlantic City, believing that it was Newport. For one monkey dinner in our set, a thousand 'Athenian Dancing Clubs,' in Portland, Pittsburg, Port Jervis and Pasadena give silly Hallowe'en parties that, for undiluted inanity, make our own silly monkey dinner outburst sink into insignificance —from the viewpoint of asininity. You see, I admit society does foolish things once in a while, but so does every other class. One cannot say, therefore, that all society is degraded because it acts silly once or twice or three times, any more than one can say that the whole United States is degraded because it acts sophomoric on New Year's Eve or Election Night. The Spirit of Fun must break out once in a while—ours breaks out more expansively, that is the only difference. A society man prefers wading through a fountain in the public square to throwing a mess of confetti in a shop-girl's ear on Broadway. He has to pay a fine, but he gets his innocent pleasure anyway. The other man gets his pleasure without the fine—or the newspaper notoriety. The fact that the newspapers do not print the stories of the other man has little to do with the case. The editors know the other man wants to read about the society man, whom he regards as a fool, and so the editor prints the stories. The women 'society-novel' writers are more often prone to exaggerate the other way. They often see glamour where no glamour is. Society is a very real, very normal, very simple phase of life. Frederick Townsend Martin, who, you know, moves in good society, recently began writing a book revealing society in its true light. And, as Mr. Martin explained to me, he felt that he had undertaken a very difficult task, because, as he expressed it, 'the subject was so simple that it was difficult to treat of it in an entertaining manner.' In Mr. Martin's various transcripts of actual society life you will find nothing that you ever read in the novels."

The third person interviewed was a débutante of three seasons ago, now married and the mother of two children. Her ideas on the society fiction were expressed as follows: "When I made my début in society, I believed, innocently enough in my finishing-school mind, that it must be very much like the world Margaret Horton Potter wrote of in *The Social Lion,* the novel that was supposed to show up society and its ingredients so realistically that it was suppressed. I had smuggled a lot of the 'society novels' into my room at school, had feasted on their contents, and thoroughly believed that the society I was soon to enter was a wicked, red world where all the men were without morals and all the women bent on mischief. What I did find was a most prosaic sort of sphere, to be best defined, I believe, as a succession of extravagant 'church sociables'. It was simply a carousal of innocent pleasures all tinselled and col-

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oured with money. The dance was the same as a college 'prom,' with better decorations, more costly gowns and favours, and with older participants. The dinner, the theatre, the opera, the reception were just the regular dinner, theatre, opera, and reception done up with éclat, and éclat is frequently nothing more than financial ostentation. We read much of race suicide in the society novels. You will find as many, if not more, children to a family in society as you will find in the middle class, that is, persons not in society, so to speak. In society, moreover, men and women speak just exactly like other human beings, not in the Franco-British jargon used by any number of alleged 'smart' writers. Slang is as much an element in society conversation as it is in other circles just beyond the society circle. The chauffeur intrigues one reads so much about in novels that are supposed to be exposés of society life are usually attributed to society, when, as a matter of record, there has been only one such intrigue to society's discredit, out of all the considerable number chronicled, in the last two years. Any newspaper's files will verify this. The trouble with the 'society novel' is that the 'society novel' writers treat their subject matter from knowledge, or rather information, gained at second hand. In the few cases where society men and women have applied themselves to writing novels dealing with society, their errors have been purposeful. These writers were not honest. They were either drawing-room socialists or, what is really the same thing, publicity seekers."

The Fifth Avenue restaurateur, whose name is known the world over and who probably knows society as well as any one on the outside can know it, expressed himself thus: "Although I have not read a great many of the 'society novels,' those that I have read, I find, have not been far out of the way in depicting the habits of society folk. The novelists' purpose, as I regard it, was simply to show *some* of society's habits —the most interesting ones—and the reader must not make the mistake of believing that the writers therefore meant to infer that everything else society did was as wicked, as shallow, as extravagant, as careless as the things that were thrown into relief in their novels. I have superintended many of society's smartest functions, dances, suppers, dinners, receptions; I have come into close contact with many society leaders; I have seen society revelry, money-spending, dissipation and, yes, incipient intrigue and scandal. And I say truthfully that the 'society novel' writers have not lied when they have painted this general picture, this panoramic picture of society, in high colours. The novel writer does not concern himself, does not *have to* concern himself, with what Mrs. A, the society leader, does when she is not in his story. He does not have to tell his readers that she orders her own groceries, kisses her baby, looks after her household affairs and similarly acts like any normal woman. He knows, when she is not doing these things, she is drinking cocktails and champagne, smoking cigarettes and gambling—all of which is true, I know—and these are the things he wishes to emphasise, to point out. One cannot expect the novelist, be he a detective-story writer or a 'society' writer, to cover every homely detail in his characters' lives. It is not necessary that the 'society' novelist tell us that his heroine takes a bath every day. He need alone concern himself with the fact that she is not a loyal wife. Society, from what I have seen of it, is every bit as bad as it is painted."

The butler whose opinions were obtained is a well-read man, by no means illiterate, and an individual whose viewpoint is by no means to be scorned. His words are repeated as accurately as is possible. The Cockney dialect, however, will be eliminated. "I have read Mr. Train's *The Butler's Story* and I have always had a great deal of interest in reading other society stories with speaking butlers in them. Of course I may be prejudiced, but I believe that the butler is the best man on the *outside* to tell of the doings of society on the *inside*. I have never read a single 'society novel,' including a butler among its characters, that did not

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portray the butler accurately. I know you will tell me that the aristocratic air with which these society fiction butlers are enveloped is exaggerated, but I will answer you by saying that very frequently the butler will be found to be of as aristocratic an exterior as any member of the household. In fact, three of my butler friends on the Avenue are possessed of much more elegant manners than their employers. They have frequently pointed out to me their gentlemen's vulgarity in certain lines. Without their trusted butlers, any number of society hostesses would be hard put to it to manage their dinners with the finesse attributed to them and you will find, generally speaking, that the most lauded hostesses are those who have the best butlers. Society people, as they have come under my eye, are exactly the same as non-society people, only they are less sincere. To be forced by one's position to listen to the chatter around society dinner or supper tables is aggravating and sometimes well-nigh intolerable. I know not one in ten means what he says. And I always know when the laughter is loudest the party is the least enjoyable to the guests. Society people have the best time, I honestly believe, when the social season is over. Then they can act like ordinary human beings when they look around for pleasure. If a society leader would speak the truth, she would confess that she got more enjoyment out of a trip to Coney Island than out of half a dozen dances at Sherry's or at her friends' residences. But they are insincere enough not to say what they believe. Society fiction is correct in general, if I may judge from the viewpoint of my station. The chief critic and faultfinder is guilty society itself."

LITTLE BALLADS OF TIMELY WARNING

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

III. On Laziness and Its Resultant Ills

There was a man in New York City
(His name was George Adolphus Knight)
So soft of heart he wept with pity
To see our language and its plight.

He mourned to see it sorely goaded
With silent letters left and right;
These from his own name he unloaded
And wrote it *Georg Adolfus Nit.*

Six other men in that same city
Who longed to see a Spelling Heaven
Formed of themselves a strong committee
And asked Georg Nit to make it seven.

He joined the other six with pleasure,
Proud such important men to know,
Agreeing that their first great measure
Should be to shorten the word *though.*

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But G. Adolfus Nit was lazy;
He dilly-dallied every day;
His life was dreamy, slow and hazy,
And indolent in every way.

On Monday morn at nine precisely
The six reformers (Nit not there)
Prepared to simplify *though* nicely,
And each was eager for his share.

Smith bit the *h* off short and ate it;
Griggs from the *thoug* chewed off the *g;*
Brown snapped off *u* to masticate it,
And *tho* alone was left for three.

Delancy's teeth broke *o* off quickly;
From *th* Billings took his *t,*
And then the *h,* albeit prickly,
Was shortly swallowed by McGee.

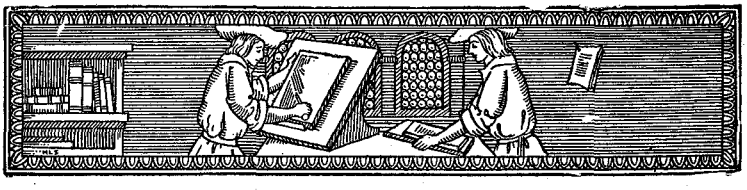
This done, the six lay back in plenty,
Well fed, they picked their teeth and smiled,
And lazy Nit, about 10:20,
Strolled in, as careless as a child.

"Well, boys," he said, "where's the collation?
I'm hungry, let us eat some *though.*"
"All gone!" they said, and then Starvation,
(Who is not lazy) laid Nit low.

Nit trembled, gasped, and, as the phrase is,
Cashed in his checks, gave up his breath,
And turned his toes up to the daisies—
His laziness had caused his death!

WARNING

Spelling reformers should make haste,
If each reformer wants a taste.



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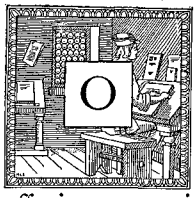
THE YOUNGER AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



NLY a dozen years ago a play of contemporary American life by a comparatively unknown American author was a rarity upon the New York stage; most of the offerings were importations or adaptions from abroad, or else dramatisations of popular novels, mainly foreign; and the few original American plays were the work of half a dozen men who had somehow gotten themselves established in our theatre and were untroubled by any emphatic knocking of the younger generation at the door. Nowadays the aspect of our stage is different. Considerably more than half the plays that are produced during a season in New York are plays dealing with America to-day; and of these the greater number are written by men and women whose names were totally unknown half a dozen years ago. How it has come about that the younger American playwrights have been granted this sudden and extensive opportunity to show what they can do is a question for the historian of the theatre-business in America. For the critic arises the more important question: Our younger playwrights have been granted their opportunity; what have they done with it? It is one thing to capture a province, another thing to colonise it; and real conquest results only when colonisation follows capture. There is a maxim of Goethe's which says, "You have come into your heritage: now you must set about to earn it." Have our rising and ambitious playwrights earned their opportunity—have they conquered our stage, or merely captured a post before the footlights? The question is not an easy one to answer with the finality of yes or no. In the practical sense, they have certainly succeeded. The majority of their plays have pleased the public; and some of them, like *The Great Divide, The Chorus Lady, Paid in Full, The Man from Home,* and *The Fortune Hunter,* have earned fortunes for their authors. In the artistic sense, our new playwrights have succeeded in the great aim of entertainment and have revealed many glimpses of life which are new and true. But should we, therefore, be justified in boasting that we have at present an American Drama, in the sense that there is a French Drama, a German Drama, a Norwegian Drama, even a British Drama?

When Mr. Charles Frohman, after his return from London, announced his plans for the new season, he stated that less than fifteen per cent. of his forty new plays were American, while forty per cent. were English and over thirty per cent. were French. "Nor is the reason hard to find," said Mr. Frohman. *"It is merely that the American authors, voluminous enough in their output, are not 'producing the goods.'"* The statement which is here printed in Italics was widely quoted in the daily press, and excited at the time considerable protest. Before giving critical consideration to such a statement, we must, of course, take cognisance of its source. It has never been Mr. Frohman's policy to exploit the work of new American authors. By an extensive and successful campaign in the European capitals, he has secured a first option on the American rights of most of the plays that are produced in London and in Paris; and he devotes the major share of his attention at home to a careful reproduction of plays that have already succeeded abroad, thereby risking his investment only against a possible dissidence in taste between the European and American audiences. In the pursuit of this conservative policy, Mr. Frohman has rendered valuable service to the cause of dramatic art in America, by setting before our audiences and our authors examples of what is best in the contemporary European drama; but he has, of

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HARRIET FORD

Collaborator with Joseph Medill Patterson in writing "The Fourth Estate"

course, placed himself in such a position that he cannot reasonably be considered as an unprejudiced critic of the output of our new American playwrights. Such a statement as that italicised above need not, therefore, have occasioned any consternation because it came from Mr. Frohman. And yet, when all is said, the statement echoes in the memory and cries out for critical consideration. Our American authors are now "voluminous enough in their output"—are they, in Mr. Frohman's quaint, commercial phrase, "producing the goods"?

The only way to answer such a question is to beg it. Any answer, on one side or the other, must be a matter of opinion; and the sole course for the critic is to indicate his personal opinion and then analyse his reasons for holding it.

If the director of one of the great European theatres should come to New York and suddenly ask us to enumerate our American dramatists, we should immediately answer, "Mr. Augustus Thomas" . . . and would then stumble upon an uncomfortable pause. The plays of Bronson Howard and his contemporaries we have discarded as old-fashioned; Mr. William Gillette and the few other survivors of an earlier generation have practically ceased from active authorship; Clyde Fitch is dead, and the peculiar merits and defects of his affluent and entertaining labour are not likely to reappear in the work of a successor. Whom should we set second to Mr. Thomas? . . . We should think a long time, and then decide that no one was at present worthy of the place. For the fact seems to be that Mr. Thomas is just now our only dramatist, without a second, and that the large and interesting group of American playwrights, each of whom evinces some special and particular claim to third place in the hierarchy, are only dramatists in

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JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON
Collaborator with Harriet Ford in writing "The Fourth Estate"

the making, some of whom may rise to leadership and win the worthier appellation, while others will merely continue to render service in the ranks, without promotion. A playwright is a man who writes entertaining and successful plays; a dramatist is a playwright who teaches while he entertains, adds to the sum total of national thought by evolving, formulating, and expounding truths which theretofore have lain latent in the national consciousness; he must be not an artist only, but a seer also—not a follower merely, but a leader as well; he must master the stage as a medium of expression and he must use it to express ideas. It is in this high sense that Mr. Thomas is at present our only dramatist; but there is decided promise in the work of many of our new and growing group of playwrights. Several of them have evidenced ability which, if properly applied, seems likely to lead on to drama worthy of the name. They are bestirring themselves like the children in that mystic Kingdom of the Future, of whom we are told in *The Blue Bird,* toiling toward the great things that are to be done after Time has ferried them across the void to the years that are to be.

This assumption that we have as yet no American national drama and at present only one American dramatist may seem, at a glance, so like an unqualified agreement with Mr. Frohman's statement that it is not likely to pass unchallenged. A careful analysis of the work of our younger playwrights will be necessary to support it, and also to justify that faith in the future which arises from a study of the present. We must consider what we have and what we lack, estimate the possibility of conquering our defects, and determine what it is that we must learn if we are to achieve an American drama for future generations to study and admire.

Perhaps the main merit of our younger

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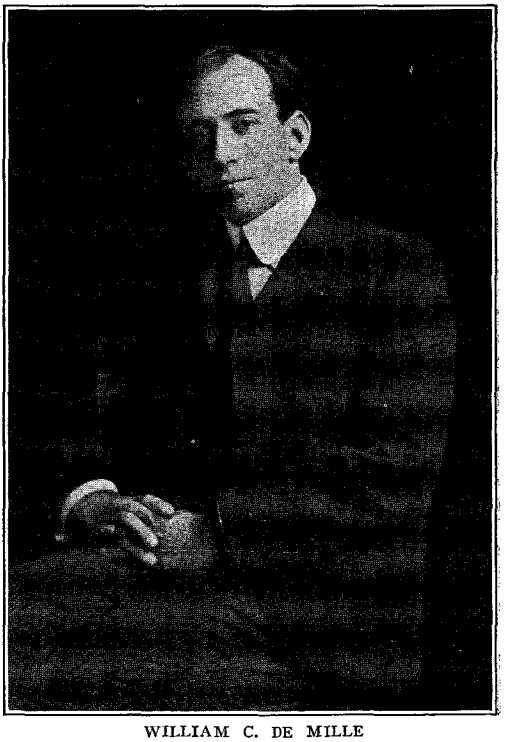
EDGAR SELWYN, AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRY BOY"

American playwrights is the remarkable freshness, vividness, and accuracy of their observation of many interesting phases of American life. They have clear and eager eyes for what is going on about them. The second act of Mr. James Forbes's *The Chorus Lady,* the first act of Mr. Eugene Walter's *Paid in Full,* the first act of Mr. Edward Sheldon's *Salvation Nell,* and the last act (before it was emasculated) of *The Fourth Estate,* by Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson and Miss Harriet Ford, are all examples of a very valuable ability to render faithfully the facts of life. This was, of course, an ability in which the late Clyde Fitch was paramount; he could remind us of the look of life and awaken in us the delicious response of recognition. But this gift of observation, which has grown prevalent among our playwrights, has hardly seemed in any instance to be supplemented by a deeply penetrant vision. Our playwrights record facts; they rarely reveal truths. They give us a glimpse of living; they seldom open a vista upon life. It is not unfair to say that, for all their accuracy of observation, they have not achieved an understanding of American life. Understanding may be defined as apprehension plus comprehension. Our playwrights evidence the former; they do not, as a rule, reveal the latter. We know already how life looks; we want to be told what life is: and our new playwrights cannot tell us, because they do not know. They have grasped the materials, but have not reached the themes, of the great drama of American life. Mr. Edgar Selwyn's recent piece, *The Country Boy,* for instance, is a pleasant bit of story-telling, apparently faithful to the facts of living; but it would be very difficult for the critic to determine what the piece is all about—in other words, what the author was trying to say through the medium of his story. In many similar cases, the critic is tempted to accept the conclusion that the author did not have anything in particular to say about life—that, in other words, his play from the outset had no theme. A play like Mr. William Vaughn Moody's *The Great Divide,* which indicates an earnest endeavour to say something about life that is intrinsically important and deeply pondered, is such a rarity among our



WILLIAM C. DE MILLE

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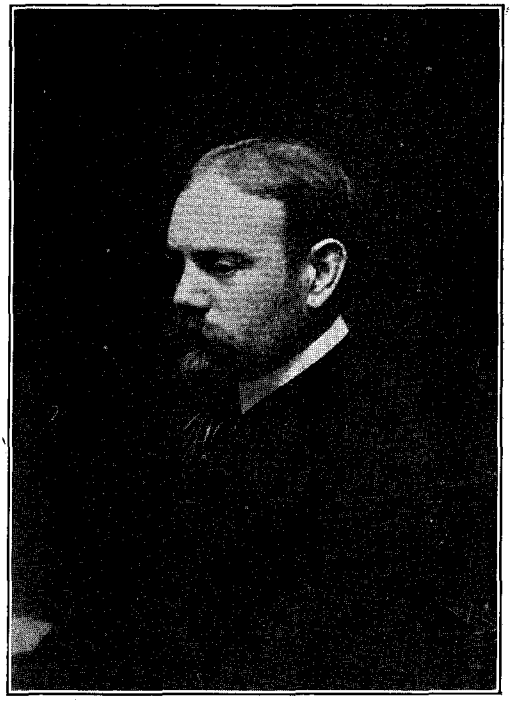
works that we are willing to pardon many falterings in the handling of the theme.

Again, our younger playwrights have shown a surprising gift for sketching the details of character, and have populated our stage with a multitude of minor figures that are real. The people in Mr. Paul Armstrong's *Salomy Jane,* or Mr. Thompson Buchanan's *A Woman's Way,* or Mr. Winchell Smith's *The Fortune Hunter,* or Mr. James Forbes's *The Traveling Salesman,* are not the old conventional puppets of the stage, but are convincingly alive. They think and feel and act and talk like actual people. Step on their toes, and they will swear—or beg your pardon. And yet, on the other hand, no single large and memorable character

THOMPSON BUCHANAN, AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S WAY"



WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY, AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT DIVIDE"
Mr. Moody died October 17, 1910.

emerges from any of these plays to live afterward within our recollection. Our new playwrights sketch characters; they do not draw them. Their skill confines itself to the rendering of minor figures; they seem incapable of that sustained effort of imagination which results in the creation of a figure at once living and large. They deftly note those specific and individual characteristics which define a person sharply and set him apart from his fellows; but they fail of imagining those generic and broadly human characteristics which make a person typical of multitudes and unite him to his fellows. Nora, in *A Doll's House,* is not merely Nora Helmer, but also a figure resumptive of a world-engirdling host of modern women; the Chorus Lady in Mr. Forbes's play is merely a particularly interesting chorus lady and is resumptive of nothing outside of the story in which she figures. We have had many plays of American business; but we have imagined no great American business man. We have had several plays of American politics; but we have created no great Amer-

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ican politician. We have written countless plays about the West; but is there a single character in any of them who is sufficiently typical and resumptive to step bodily out of the story and walk living through those halls of memory where linger Magda and Cyrano and Dr. Stockmann and Paula Tanqueray? Has any of our younger playwrights created a single character at once so individual and so typical, so fitted for his particular story and yet so endowed to be remembered quite apart from it, so simple and still so meaningful, so alive and so important, as the hero of Mr. Rudolf Besier's comedy entitled *Don?*

Our new dramatic authors have shown an easy aptitude for story-telling. The main merit of Mr. Winchell Smith's charming comedy, *The Fortune Hunter,* is that it tells a good story and tells it well. Mr. Paul Armstrong is another playwright with a remarkable native gift for narrative. Miss Rachel Crothers, Mr. William C. De Mille, Miss Marion Fairfax, and Mr. Channing Pollock have also invented pleasing stories and told them with facility. But this particular gift is just as likely to be dangerous as to be helpful. In the theatre it is more important to build a story firmly than to ripple through it fluently. Many of our plays are too narrative in arrangement. Our authors allow themselves to dally along alluring by-paths of invention, instead of rigorously excluding all material that is not emphatically pertinent to the theme. In the plays of Sir Arthur Pinero every moment answers to every other moment, and there is never a line admitted to the dialogue that does not echo backward and forward and add to the harmony of the whole. It is this strictness of structure, this solidity of building, that our ambling and rambling plays most noticeably lack. The exceptions are so exceptional that we greet them with surprise. Mr. Eugene Walter's *The Easiest Way* was so rigorously planned and so steadily conducted that it seemed more like a foreign than a native work. We need more plays as relentlessly technical as that. To achieve them our playwrights must devote themselves more seriously to the study of the best contemporary models. There seems to be a feeling in New York that native ability is all that counts and that technique may take care of itself. We hear very little earnest discussion among our playwrights about the technical aspects of their art. They do not develop ideas of how plays should be written—ideas for which they are willing to argue and to work. In America the drama suffers because of the absence of dramatic criticism. Not only does it receive hardly any help from the newspaper and magazine reviewers, but our playwrights themselves seem to take very little critical interest in the problems of their art. We have no school of dramatic authors, because our authors are not willing to go to school. We make no concerted and organised effort to improve the technique of our drama, because we carelessly assume that whatever is good enough is good enough. What we need is a leader—to follow or to revolt from, as we choose. The British drama has such a leader in Sir Arthur Pinero. Mr. Granville Barker chooses to revolt from his methods and, in consequence, stirs up a helpful spirit of critical discussion. Other young playwrights choose to follow in the footsteps of the master, and give Mr. Barker a healthy fight which is good for both parties. Mr. Shaw thinks a play should be a witty conversation; Mr. Galsworthy thinks it should be an unprejudiced presentation of both sides of a social question of national importance; and the younger men develop their strength in struggling for or against ideals of drama that are clearly defined in theory and practice. The new playwrights go to school under one teacher or another and are kept awake by a continual buzzing of dramatic criticism. But in New York our efforts are not brought thus to a focus. Our playwrights wander apart and do their work as best they may, without striving to aid or to combat each other. Just as our plays, referred to life, are not about anything, because they are lacking in themes, so our stage, referred to art, is not about anything, because it is lacking in tendencies. We shall not really do things in our theatre until we find out what it is we want to do.

Just as our new playwrights lack

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clear ideals of structure, so also they seem undecided in their ideals of writing. Many of them write dialogue that is extraordinarily natural and sprightly, and yet their writing does not indicate a critical decision to touch a certain tone and hold it. In simplicity and reality of dialogue, Miss Rachel Crothers is the best of all our younger playwrights; but Mr. Forbes and Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Walter and Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Smith and Mr. Patterson, accentuate the sense of actuality. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones does not write in slang; and yet we have not equalled the spontaneity and liveliness of his dialogue in *The Liars*. Our new writers are too desperately afraid of seeming literary. It is true that one or two of them, like Mr. Moody and Mr. Percy Mackaye, have erred upon the other side. *The Great Divide* was weighted down with writing; and Mr. Mackaye, in *Mater,* marred a really fine comedy by embroidering it

WINCHELL SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNE HUNTER"

Mr. Thompson Buchanan and Mr. Avery Hopwood, have all written many scenes in which every speech is unaffected and spontaneous, humorous and human. If adherence to actuality be the best ideal of dramatic writing, then we must set the dialogue of our younger playwrights very high indeed. In life, people actually talk as Miss Crothers's people talk upon the stage. But Sir Arthur Pinero's characters do not talk as people talk in life; they merely seem to do so. Most of our playwrights write habitually in slang, to with verbal conceits and forcing all the characters to speak the language of a Harvard senior showing off. But can we not touch and hold a note between over-writing and under-writing? If we refuse to be so literary as Mr. Mackaye, must we be so slangy as Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Forbes? At present the best things that are said in our plays are said in a language that, while fresh and emphatic at the moment, will be out of date and hardly intelligible a dozen years from now. Would it not be wiser to mould

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a more permanent medium of speech to the service of our laudable purpose to seem natural? Might it not be helpful if, like the European playwrights, we should publish our plays and submit our dialogue to the exacting test of print?

PERCY MACKAYE, AUTHOR OF "ANTI-MATRIMONY"
Portrait by Arnold Genthe

Let us now sum up the ground that we have covered in the foregoing analysis. We have seen that our younger playwrights have been quick to observe facts, but slow to reveal truths; they have been reporters rather than creators; they have apprehended, but not comprehended, the possibilities of drama in the life of America to-day. Their plays have lacked themes. They have sketched a multitude of living minor characters, but have drawn scarcely any major characters that are sufficiently resumptive and important to be remembered apart from the plays in which they figured. They have told stories fluently, but have not built them firmly. They have written dialogue that is natural but not permanent. They have lacked the vision to realise the profound and underlying as-

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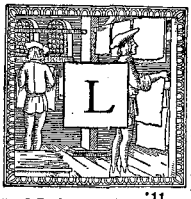
pects of our life, the imagination to create large and lasting characters, the technical training and the critical application to develop a mastery of structure, and the serious literary purpose to achieve an enduring ideal of writing. Thus succinctly stated in summary, this criticism seems an excessively severe arraignment of the work of our younger playwrights. We must hasten, therefore, to remember that each of them has been free of many of the faults which have been enumerated as prevalent among the group considered as a whole, and that most of them at moments have risen superior even to the merits that have been indicated as characteristic of them all.

And if our rising playwrights have not yet developed a national drama that is worthy of the name, we must remember also that the outlook for the future—even for the immediate future—is very hopeful. There is an opinion prevalent at present among the dramatists and the dramatic critics in London that the next great development of drama in the English language will take place in America rather than in England. The opinion is based on the almost unlimited opportunities offered to new playwrights by the multiplicity of our theatres, on the high degree of education and intelligence that is common to our audiences throughout the country, and on the inexhaustible richness of our national life in themes hitherto unexploited on the stage. This is a fair statement of the opportunity that stands before us, and of which we have not yet availed ourselves. We have not written nearly enough good plays to fill our thousands and thousands of theatres; we have written down to our audiences instead of up to them; and the great themes that lie latent in our national life we have scarcely touched at all. Yet there is real promise in such plays as *The Great Divide* and *Paid in Full, The Fortune Hunter* and *The Fourth Estate, The Nigger* and *A Woman's Way,* Miss Marion Fairfax's *The Builders* and Mr. Avery Hopwood's *This Woman and This Man.* Some of the playwrights now before us may develop the technical mastery and the penetrant vision, the high seriousness and the imagination, the art and the message, that must go to the making of the next American dramatist; and if not, others surely will arise. The conditions are ripe, and all that is needed is the men; and it is one of the miracles of destiny that when great work is ready to be done, the necessary men arise to do it.

THE MENU IN MODERN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON



LIKE clothes, food in fiction is valuable for atmosphere, colour, tone—the touch that makes the page alive. It may also aid greatly in the interpretation of life. Never was a more illuminating line penned than the one given to Lord Steyne when the rascally old nobleman said to Becky, plotting for the Gaunt House cook's transference to her own little home in Curzon Street: "Gad, I dined with the king yesterday, and we had neck of mutton and turnips." The serving of meals, the tinkling of ice in tall glasses, the chill of salads, and the savour of roasts and entrées, as well as the listed courses themselves, may, like clothes, come to give less of colour than of philosophy. If it be true, and modern dieticians assert it, that man is what his food is, the matter of menus in the developing of character may well become of prime importance in fiction.

There is a recent novel, *The History of Mr. Polly,* whose author, H. G. Wells, seems to have felt this deep, peptic truth. In the second paragraph of the first chapter he strikes the keynote of Mr. Polly's predistined career: "He was sitting on a stile between two threadbare-looking

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fields, and suffering acutely from indigestion. He suffered from indigestion now nearly every afternoon of his life, but as he lacked introspection, he projected the associated discomfort upon the world." This is what he had just eaten:

Cold pork from Sunday and some nice cold potatoes, and Rashdell's Mixed Pickles, of which he was inordinately fond. He had eaten three gherkins, two onions, a small cauliflower head and several capers. And then there had been cold suet pudding to follow, with treacle, and then a nice bit of cheese; it was the pale, hard sort of cheese he liked; red cheese he declared was indigestible. He had also had three big slices of greyish baker's bread, and had drunk the best part of a jugful of beer. And Mr. Polly sat on the stile and hated the whole scheme of life—which was at once excessive and inadequate as a solution. He hated Foxbourne, he hated Foxbourne High Street, he hated his shop and his wife and his neighbours—every blessed neighbour—and with indescribable bitterness he hated himself.

Before his marriage Mr. Polly had feasted upon "cold beef and pickles or fried ham and eggs, two pints of beer and two bottles of ginger beer." When he went back to attend his father's funeral, he ate "a simple supper of ham and bread and cheese and pickles and cold apple tart and small beer." For the funeral dinner there were: "two large cold-boiled chickens and a nice piece of ham, some brawn and a steak and kidney pie, a large bowl of salad and several sorts of pickles, and afterward came cold apple tart, jam roll and a good piece of Stilton cheese, lots of bottled beer, some lemonade for the ladies, and milk for Master Punt; a very bright and satisfying meal."

After this the wedding feast, which, like the funeral dinner, included ham and steak and kidney pie; then years of Miriam's cooking, of breakfasts "with an egg underdone or overdone, or a herring raw or charred, and coffee made Miriam's way and full of little particles." At last Mr. Polly was "less like a human being than a civil war. His system, like a confused or ill-governed democracy, had been brought to a stage of perfect clamour and disorder, demanding now evil and inscrutable internal satisfactions, such as pickles and vinegar and the cracklings on pork, and now vindictive and external expression, war and bloodshed throughout the world." Fire and bloodshed followed. Mr. Polly broke the entire decalogue, undetected, coldly exultant. Why? Ask dieticians and Mr. Wells.

Another author whose employment of foodstuffs seems philosophically premeditated rather than incidental is John Galsworthy. In *Fraternity,* there is a butler in Cecilia's home who amounts to nothing until interpreted as he plies the carving knife. As witness:

So Stephen and Cecilia sat down and their butler brought in the bird. It was a nice one, nourished down in Surrey, and as he cut it into portions the butler's soul turned sick within him—not because he wanted some himself, or was a vegetarian, or for any sort of principle, but because he was by natural gifts an engineer and deadly tired of cutting up and handing birds to other people and watching while they ate them.

Old Mr. Stone, that faithful Brother to Life, wanders through strange pages, sustained by hot milk, cocoa, and vegetables. He is an unexpected dinner guest at Cecilia's, and his daughter groans over the main dish, filet of beef, when she realises her father is to be present. It is sure to bring out the dreaded philosophy of the old man, whose words of Universal Brotherhood are sounding brass in the ears of his descendants. He is served to new potatoes creamed, and to beans, but between beans and beef, potatoes and poulet, he traces the analogy of endless relationship. It sounds like rambling insanity, of course, and it is hideously pathetic.

In *The Man of Property* there is a little dinner for four, of which Mr. and Mrs. Soames, June and Bosinney partake immediately after some startling discoveries on both sides. For several pages the dinner is served, in elaborate courses and silence. There is soup, "excellent, if a little thick"; fish—fresh sole from Dover; champagne; cutlets, each pink-frilled about the legs; spring chicken, asparagus salad; apple charlotte, sherry very dry; olives from France; Russian caviar; German plums; Egyptian cigarettes; Turkish coffee; and brandy pale and old. There

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is also an evening at Richmond, where: "The feature of the feast was unquestionably the red mullet. This delectable fish, brought for a considerable distance in a state of almost perfect preservation, was first fried, then boned, then served in ice, with Madeira punch in place of sauce, according to a recipe known to a few men of the world."

In Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday,* the remarkable club at breakfast is described throughout a chapter entitled "The Feast of Fear." Some of the men ate cold pheasant or Strasbourg pie. The secretary, who was a vegetarian, ate half a raw tomato and drank three-fourths of a glass of tepid water. The old Professor ate "such slops as suggested sickening second childhood." President Sunday ate like twenty men, a dozen crumpets, a quart of coffee.

O. Henry's relentless dissections of the forty and fifty-cent tables d'hote, cheap à la carte restaurants, and ditto boarding-houses, are worthy of study. In "The Country of Elusion" he tells of how one Bohemia came to be, after one glad, drunk night when the proprietor moved the tables into the back yard among the family wash, and enthroned himself among the evening diners.

When André came to his senses, he took down his sign and darkened the front of his house. When you went there to dine you fumbled for an electric button and pressed it. A lookout slid open a panel in the door, looked at you suspiciously, and asked if you were acquainted with Senator Herodotus Q. McMilligan, of the Chickasaw nation. If you were, you were admitted and allowed to dine. If you were not, you were admitted and allowed to dine. You know how the Bohemian feast of reason keeps up with the courses. Humour with the oysters, wit with the soup; repartee with the entrée, brag with the roast; knocks for Whistler and Kipling with the salad, songs with the coffee; the slapsticks with the cordial.

Here is what the McCaskeys should have eaten one night, if they had not quarrelled, in "Between Rounds":

"Pig's face, is it," said Mrs. McCaskey, and hurled a stewpan full of bacon and turnips at her lord.

Mr. McCaskey was no novice at repartee. On the table was a roast sirloin of pork, garnished with shamrocks. He retorted with this, and drew the appropriate return of a bread pudding in an earthen dish. A hunk of Swiss cheese accurately thrown by her husband struck Mrs. McCaskey below one eye. When she replied with a well-aimed coffeepot the battle, according to courses, should have ended. But Mr. McCaskey was no fifty-cent table d'hôter—finger bowls were not beyond the compass of his experience. Triumphantly he sent the graniteware wash-basin at the head of his matrimonial adversary. Mrs. M. dodged in time. She reached for a flatiron, with which, as a sort of cordial, she hoped to bring the gastronomical duel to a close.

There is a restaurant on Sixth Avenue which owned a waiter "with a voice like butter-cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin." At Bogle's, on Eighth Avenue, there were "two rows of tables in the room, six in a row. On each table is a caster-stand containing cruets of condiments and seasons. From the pepper cruet you may shake a cloud of something tasteless and melancholy, like volcanic dust. From the salt cruet you may expect nothing." Also upon each table stands the counterfeit of that benign sauce made "from the recipe of a nobleman in India," . . . "Meantime, Aileen would be performing astounding feats with orders of pork and beans, pot roasts, ham-and,sausage-and-the-wheats,and any quantity of things on the iron and in the pan and straight up and on the side."

And here is Sara, in *Springtime à la Carte,* copying bills of fare in return for three meals a day, "brought her by a waiter, an obsequious one if possible."

To-day there were more changes on the bill of fare than usual. The soups were lighter; pork was eliminated from the entrées, figuring only with Russian turnips among the roasts. The gracious spirit of spring pervaded the entire menu. Lamb, that lately capered on the greening hillsides, was becomingly exploited with the sauce that commemorated its gambols. The song of the oyster, though not silence, was *diminuendo con amore.* The frying pan seemed to be held inactive behind the

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beneficent bars of the broiler. The pie list swelled; the richer puddings had vanished; the sausage, with his drapery wrapped about him, barely lingered in a pleasant thanatopsis with the buckwheats and the sweet but doomed maple.

There are two little books, more or less illuminating as caricatures, *The Maison de Shine* and *At the Actor's Boarding House,* by Helen Green, wherein food figures largely. Johnny McDuff seeks out Emma, the slavey, one night, and speaks: "I seen the butcher boy bringin' in chickens to-day and I'm Johnny at the rathole to-night fur some of the white meat, see! I didn't git nothin' but the bone of a leg last time. What is they fur dessert?" "Appil and leming pie, but take the leming, 'cause the appil is bum," replies Emma, placing bread and sad-looking pickles on the table.

"Steak, poke chops an' ham an' aigs?" asked Emma of a bride one morning, and Mrs. de Shine, hearing the bride say distinctly "Ham and eggs," motioned violently. "If she wants two she can have 'em, Emmar, this once. I want her to like it here." Under the eggs, when they were brought in, nestled coyly an inch or two of true Fourteenth Street ham. It was hard and brittle and good for the teeth.

Prunes, pound cake, cottage pudding, and bread pudding figure largely on the menus at the Maison de Shine. "Porkin beans or cornbif an' cabbitch" comprise that part of a dinner where roasts should figure. Milk is furnished for the coffee. Canned peas are given throughout the year, and toast is offered when there is a superabundance of stale bread, for, as Mrs. de Shine remarked, "This way they think they're gettin' a favour did 'em." On the same principle pie is not often forthcoming. "It's this way," explains the landlady. "A lot of people say, feed 'em on pie and they don't eat s'much meat. My experience is that you can give seven dollars' worth of pie and it's like a—her doover, as the French say—they eat more meat than before, an' that's why I don't have it."

In William Locke's *Septimus* and *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* there is a good deal of high-class dining depicted, some of the foods outrageously combined, however purposely. Carlotta, in *Marcus,* had a passion for hard-boiled eggs and lemonade. She also drank orangeade with her meals, imbibed grenadine syrup and soda and similar sweet stuffs with salts and sours. Septimus's order one night at Monte Carlo for absinthe, poached eggs and a raspberry ice might well make a self-respecting waiter commit the usual suicide following Monte Carloan depression. Again, Septimus, awaking late one day, said he did not care for breakfast. "Afternoon tea will do, with some bacon and eggs and things." Even a casual reader would call both Carlotta and Septimus irresponsible souls. In *Septimus* there is a dinner at Sypher's Club; oysters with lemon, *sole bonne femme,* partridge and orange salad, and champagne. There is also a description of *déjeuner* for Septimus and Zora on the terrace of the Hotel de Paris, which for pure ecstasy on the author's part is delightful:

Outside was the blazing sun, inside a symphony of cool tones; the pearl of summer dresses; the snow, crystal and silver of the tables; the tender green of lettuce; the yellows of fruits; the soft pink of salmon; the purples and topazes of wines. The one human being for you in the room is your companion. Between you are substances it were gross to call food; dainty mysteries of coolness and sudden flavours; a fish salad in which the essences of sea and land are blended in cool, celestial harmony; innermost kernels of the lamb of the salted meadows, where must grow the asphodel on which it fed, in amorous union with what men call a sauce, but really oil and cream and herbs stirred by a god in a dream; peaches in purple ichor chastely clad in snow, melting on the palate as the voice of the divine singer after whom they are named melts in the soul. Septimus had often looked at people eating like this, and had wondered how it felt.

Here is a bit of ironic dining from Mrs. Wharton's "The Other Two," where Waythorne, the third and latest husband, saw Varick, the second husband now divorced, at luncheon:

When Waythorne first saw him he had been helping himself with critical deliberation to a bit of Camembert at the ideal point of liquefaction, and now, the cheese removed, he was

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just pouring his café double from its little two-storied earthen pot. He poured slowly, his ruddy profile bent above the task, and one beringed white hand steadying the lid of the coffee pot; then he stretched his other hand to the decanter of cognac at his elbow, filled a liqueur glass, took a tentative sip, and poured the brandy into his coffee cup.

That night Waythorne watched his wife pour coffee for him.

She set down the coffee pot, and reaching for the decanter of cognac, measured off a liqueur glass and poured it into his cup. Waythorne uttered a sudden exclamation.

"What is the matter?" she said, startled.

"Nothing—only I don't take cognac in my coffee."

"Oh, how stupid of me!" she cried.

Their eyes met and she blushed a sudden, agonised red.

Filson Young's *The Sands of Pleasure* is decorated with intimate disclosures of famous French cafés and restaurants. Richard and Lauder lunched at Marguery's, and had: *hors d'œuvres*, eggs, fish, fowl, salad, pastry, cheese, dessert, coffee, cognac. Richard learned to drink absinthe, which Marthe insisted on preparing for him, "teaching him how to pour the water drop by drop through the sugar on the perforated spoon."

Later Richard and Toni dined at the Tour d'Argent, and watched Frédéric prepare unnumbered dishes of *caneton à la presse*. "The deft way in which, as one duck after another was brought to him all hot and hissing, he laid the knife under the flesh and with a few masterly strokes removed all the meat; the crushing of the carcass beneath the handpress, and the spout of blood and essence or juice of duck from the little tap; the making of this juice into a wonderful sauce that kept simmering and bubbling on spirit lamps and was gradually ladled over the whole savoury dish—these were fascinating sights." To the epicure, but not to Toni, who, the novelty gone, was insulted that she should have been brought to so dingy and common a place.

Here is a recipe for Turkish coffee, from Hichens's *Bella Donna*, worthy, except that precise quantities for all ingredients but the ambergris are lacking, to be cut out and pasted in any family cook book:

There was a saucepan containing water, a brass bowl of freshly roasted and pounded coffee, two small, open coffee pots with handles that stuck straight out, two coffee cups, a tiny bowl of powdered sugar, and some paper parcels which held sticks of mastic, ambergris and seed of cardamom. Hamza poured water from the saucepan into one of the coffee pots, set it on the brazier and sank into a reverie. Presently there came from the pot a murmur. Instantly Hamza took it from the brazier and the bowl of coffee from the ground, let some of the coffee slip into the water, stirred it with a silver spoon, which he produced from a carefully folded square of linen, and set the pot once more on the brazier. Then he unfolded the paper which held the ambergris, put a carat weight of it into the second pot, and set that, too, on the brazier. The coffee began to simmer. He lit a stick of mastic, fumigated with its smoke the two little coffee cups, took the coffee pot and gently poured the fragrant coffee into the pot containing the melted ambergris, let it simmer for a moment, then poured it out into the two coffee cups, creaming, and now sending forth with its own warm perfume the enticing perfume of ambergris, added a dash of cardamom seed, and then, at last, looked toward Mrs. Armine. "Is it ready?" she asked. "Shall I put the sugar in?"

Later Barrodi gave a dinner to Mrs. Armine, consisting of a red soup—a Kaw-ur-meh—meat stewed in a rich gravy with little onions—leaves of the vine containing a delicious sort of forcemeat, cucumbers in milk, some small birds pierced with silver skewers, spinach, and fried wheat flour mingled with honey. There was also a sherbet made of violets "by crushing the flowers of violets, making them into a preserve with sugar, and boiling them for a long time."

In *The Garden of Allah*, at Beni-Mora, Domini, for *déjeuner*, "ate slowly the large Robertville fish, which was something between a trout and a herring," and followed it with a ragout of mutton and peas and wine. Later she and Androvsky had a *déjeuner* at Sidi-Zerzour, red fish, omelette, gazelle steaks, cheese, oranges and dates, white wine and Vals water. Mr. Hichens pays scant attention to Eng-

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lish foods, but the Egyptian varieties he knows, and describes to the last drift of spice.

Robert Chambers puts a brood of children into *The Younger Set*, who are so well taken care of that the suspicion arises that Mr. Chambers read deeply of dietetics and adolescence and "The Care and Feeding of Children" before he could have compiled the mother's mandates.

"Don't let the children eat too fast. Make Drina take thirty-six chews to every bite and Winthrop is to have no bread if he has potatoes. Master Billy takes supper by himself in the schoolroom, and NO marmalade." There is rice pudding on the nursery table, and cranberry sauce and milk with dinner at noon, and pink cream puffs and green mint paste are rewards of excessive merit.

In David Graham Phillips's *The Social Secretary* there is a breakfast served every morning at the politician's home, for which an old Southern cook was specially engaged. There were corned beef hash, hot corn bread, buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, and cigars. In another novel of Mr. Phillips one recalls another breakfast of hash, "brown and not too dry," with coffee and corn muffins. From which one draws the irresistible conclusion that Mr. Phillips likes hash for breakfast, and disdains the small cup of coffee and the slim French roll.

But, all in all, if novels reflect the civilisation of the day, there is hope for a dyspeptic race, when we compare the fashions in menus of the present and the past. Five meats and one vegetable—and that potatoes—with two or three heavy puddings make up the menus of English classic fiction. In the modern novel there is a falling off in the quantity of meat; there is invariably a salad, oftentimes with a dressing "stirred by a god in a dream," with delicious vegetables, and a lack of heavy sweets. Physicians and nurses find much digestive trouble in their walks through life, but a casual survey of the menus of fiction lead one to the happy conclusion that the great reading public is not being led seriously astray in the matter of peptic morals by the latter-day novelists.

THE BOY AND THE MOTHER

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

The Boy in the City.

All day long, all day long
  Up and down the streets I go—
Not a face in all the throng
  That I know!

Aching eyes and heavy feet,
  All day long and days and days!
Oh, for something good to eat,
  And a warm wood blaze!

Fields are grey and frosty now,
  Trees are stripped, except maybe
For an apple on the bough
  All forgot—like me.

In the house there's smell o' pine,
  Where the fire cracks and roars,
And the sound of winds that whine
  Under floors and doors!

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And the kettle puffing hot
  And her voice—"Some kindlin's, Jack!"
And—she'll cry: "Oh! I forgot!"
  But I won't go back!

The Village Mother.

I sit all day an' think an' think,
  My hands they scarce can sew,
They lie here in my lap like stones—
  Why did I let him go?

He might ha' worked here in the store
  An' earned enough for him an' me.
I told him, told him, till he cried.
  Somehow, he couldn't see.

Perhaps, we country folks is queer,
  An' old an' sot an' dull;
But townsfolk, they're so rich an' bad—
  An' he's so beautiful.

They'll ask him to their parties, him
  That was so dear an' good,
An' make him drink their wicked wines
  An' eat their wicked food.

The girls'll set their caps for him,
  An' ay, their mothers, too,
An' say sweet things an' hold his hand—
  I know the way they do!

An' then some fluffy, city girl,
  With curls stuck in her head,
Will snap him up away from me
  To love her folks instead.

I sit all day an' think an' think—
  My hands they scarce can sew.
They're achin' just to touch his cheeks.
  Why did I let him go?

The Boy.

Up and down the crowded street,
  All day long and days and days—
Oh, for something good to eat
  And a warm wood blaze!

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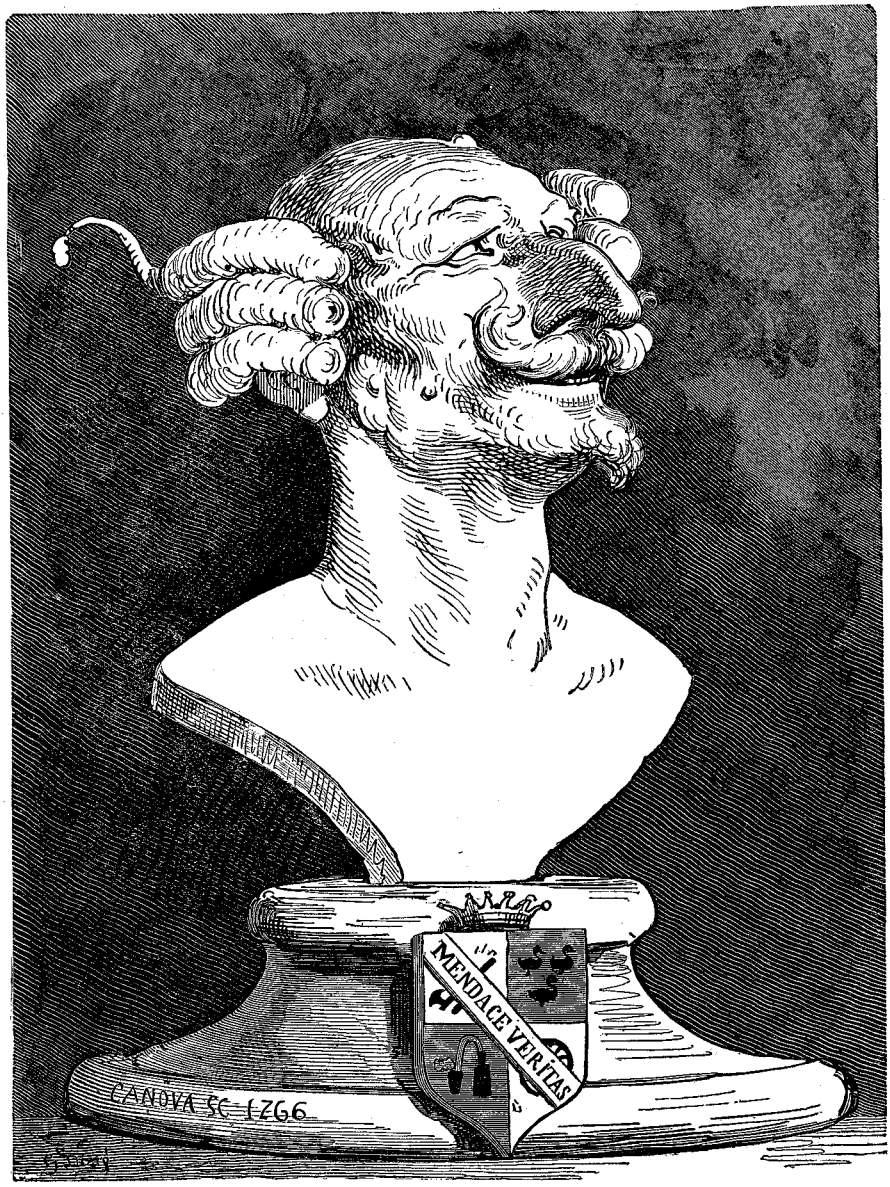

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

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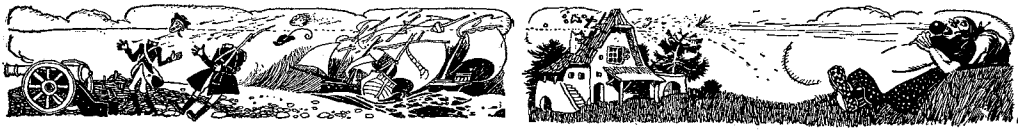
BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN'S ILLUSTRATORS

BY WILLIAM ALLEN

ALTHOUGH few books in the world are better known than the *Travels and Adventures of the Baron Münchhausen,* few have had less attention given them by illustrators. It would almost seem that there must have been hundreds of editions of this classic, and yet, as the writer came to find, when he began collecting *Münchhausenana* there are few editions the collector would care to own.

It must be understood that the authorship of these tales is now, by very general consent, given to Rudolph Eric Raspe, who betrayed his trust as curator in the Museum of Cassel, and after stealing a valuable collection of coins fled from Germany to England, where, for a time, he managed to maintain enough of the air of respectability to remain an honourary fellow of the Royal Society. His name having been stricken from the Society's roll, he encountered one vicissitude after another until at last he reached the gutter, not, however, until he had given the world this narrative of its modern Philopseudes. It need not concern one here to discuss its intention—whether it was conceived as a satire on the memoirs of Baron de Tott or as an instrument to defame the veracious memory of Hieronymus Karl Friederich von Bodenswerk, an actual Baron of Hanover, often Raspe's dinner host, who to the day of his death was known throughout Europe as a raconteur.

Howbeit by the time the real Baron died the pseudo one was just beginning his career. Six editions of the book had appeared up to 1793. Strange to



FORTUNES OF WAR

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say, the narrative of the adventurous Münchhausen was first printed in the English language.

The earliest edition of which the writer has found trace is that of the London imprint of 1786, *Baron Münchausen's Narrative of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia,* a little forty-eight page volume, being the second edition of the work. After three succeeding editions a translation was made into German by Raspe's friend, the poet Bürger, in 1787, with disastrous results to that poor verse-maker and Karl von Reinhard, his editor.

Kearsley, the London bookseller, brought out an edition in 1799 of the book with illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. This is a 12mo book of excessive rarity, and perhaps not more than one copy is to be found in America. A later London bookseller, T. Tegg, brought out an edition of Rowlandson's plates, coloured, in 1809 and in 1811. There were nine of Rowlandson's plates in these editions, the best of which is en-

THE BARON AND THE BALLOONS

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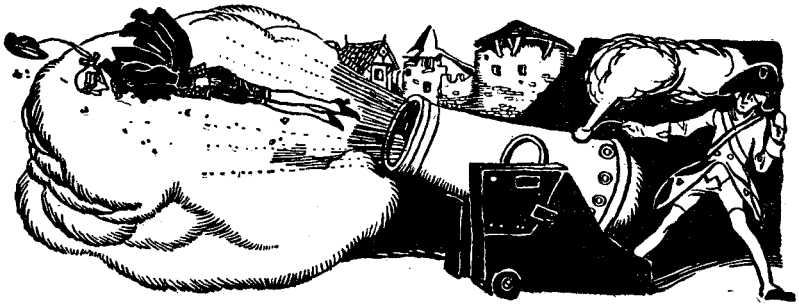
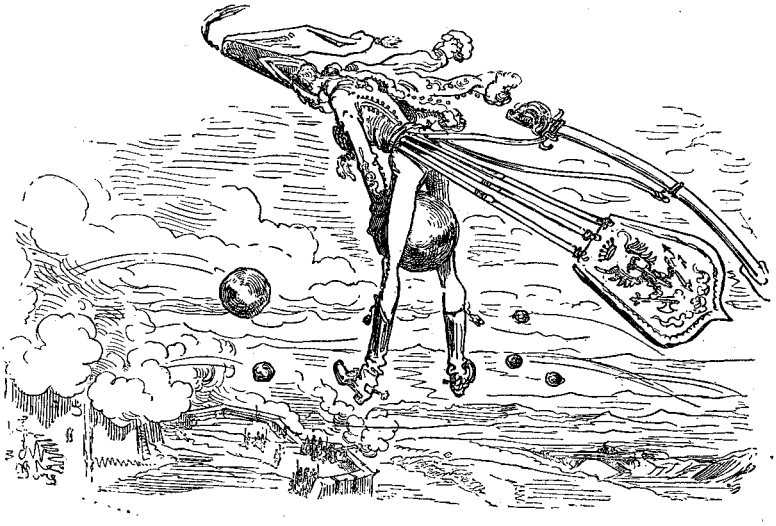


THE EPISODE OF THE CANNON

titled "The Baron crosses the Thames without the assistance of a bridge, ship, boat or even balloon, or even his own will; being blown out of one of the Tower guns in which he had fallen asleep, and the cannon is unexpectedly fired to celebrate an anniversary." In 1811 Rowlandson did a separate plate of "Münchausen at Walcheren."

Then came the edition containing illustrations of a mediocre character by A. Crowquill (Forrester), though this volume, which was published by Trübner, is eagerly sought by collectors in the editions of 1858 and 1859.

Although Raspe's book with Bürger's introduction failed to attract attention in Germany as a work of literary merit for many years (the first review of it, indeed, condemning it by saying, "This is a collection of lies long ago told by Baron Münchausen, but probably invented, in part, by the anonymous author of this book") the *Travels and Adventures of the Baron Münchhausen* caught the fancy of the German Ellisen, who made his edition of 1849 famous. Nine years before A. Schrödter had drawn and engraved on copper one of the most exquisite prints that have ever done honour to the Baron's extraordinary memory, a plate that is both the desideratum and the despair of the collector, though the Print Room of the Lenox Library in New York is fortunate enough to possess an unstained copy. Following Schrödter came the page of Münchhausen illustrations by O. Sickert for the "Münchener Bilderbogen" in the early Fifties. They were all Germany had to whet the imagination of the



ONE OF THE BARON'S AERIAL FLIGHTS

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"He drank uncommonly, with an eagerness not to be satisfied."—*Page* 50.

ONE OF THE BARON'S ADVENTURES WHILE SERVING WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY

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THE BARON AT THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

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youthful Teuton reader for some time to come, when an edition with designs by A. von Wittner was brought out at Düsseldorf in 1856.

Of all the German versions, that illustrated by G. Franz and F. Bergen, which has gone through eighteen editions at Stuttgart, is unquestionably the most praiseworthy. Indeed, Fritz Bergen's pen has portrayed the doughty Baron in a way that only Gustave Doré has surpassed. G. Franz's share in the work has hardly been so successful.

That Doré's illustrations to Baron Münchausen are almost unknown to the present generation is a pity. There is no doubt that they surpass anything else that has been done, quite putting to rout the unimportant work by George Cruikshank which William Tegg brought out in London seven years after the first edition of Doré's illustrations appeared in 1862 under the imprint of Jouvet et Cie, Paris, and with an introduction by Doré's enthusiastic friend, Théophile Gautier. This paper folio is a rarity worth searching the book-shops for, therefore its title will be of interest to the booklover. *Aventures Du Baron de Münchhausen Traduction novelle par Théophile Gautier Fils illustrées par Gustave Doré vignette of Münchhausen mounted on a dragon Paris Furne Jouvet et Cie. Editeurs 45, rue Saint André-des-Arts* 1862. In his life of Doré, Blanchard Jerrold does not include a bibliographical notice of this book, which seems a strange omission. The following from Théophile Gautier's preface is worth quoting:

> Here the pencil of Gustave Doré again adds to his prestige; no one more than this artist, who seems to have that *œil visionnaire,* about which Victor Hugo speaks in his essay on Albrecht Dürer, makes more realistic the mysteries and depths of chimeras, of dreams, of nightmares, of fleeting forms swimming in light or drowning in shadows, of droll, silhouetted caricatures, and of all that is fantastic in the realm of masters and in the region of fantasy. He has clothed the adventures of Baron Münchhausen with designs that seem to be plates covering a voyage of circumnavigation with this hero in their characteristic fidelity to the text and their exotic *bizarrerie.* One may declare that this painter-to-the-expedition has made sketches from life

THE BARON SAILS FOR AMERICA ON AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR

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of every phase of the facetious German baron's exploits, and from them the text cannot but acquire a merit additional to its Germanic buffoonery.

Théophile Gautier could not forget his nationalism, for elsewhere in his preface he expresses a hope that those tales will receive favour in France "despite their strong Germanic savour." Nowhere in falling far short, in the writer's opinion, of what a preface to the *Adventures* should be. In passing it may be well to note that although in the English and American editions of the *Adventures* the Baron's name is spelled Münchausen, with one h, the German and the French editions spell it with two—Münchhausen. Probably it was so written to avoid com-

THE BARON AND THE BOMB

Doré's work as an illustrator has better than in his Münchhausen been expressed that quality of his work which brings out the characteristic touch of humour. Indeed, probably no other illustrator will ever approach Doré's delineation of Raspe's hero. It is a pity that the English editions of Doré's version should not have had as able an introduction as that by Théophile Gautier, the one by T. Teignmouth Shore to Messrs. Cassell's edition plications with the immediate family of the actual Baron Münchausen.

Finally one cannot pass the illustrators of the travels and adventures of the renowned prevaricator without calling attention to the king quarto, *Münchhausen: Reisen und Aventeuer* (Bürger's translation), published in Vienna and Leipzig by Gerlach, containing a large number of extremely clever and artistic drawings in black-and-white, and in colour from the

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pen of the gifted artist, Franz Wacik. For its quality of combining illustration with decoration the work of Wacik is attracting much favourable comment, and the American reader will doubtless be glad of the introduction to his art which the accompanying reproduction from some of the illustrations in his book will give. Perhaps some new illustrator of Münchausen will spring up to delight us with some original conceptions of the Baron's ingenuity, but until one does the reader and collector must concede to Gustave Doré first place for a full sympathy with the spirit of the text, and to Franz Wacik for refinement of design.

THE BARON SAYS GOOD-NIGHT

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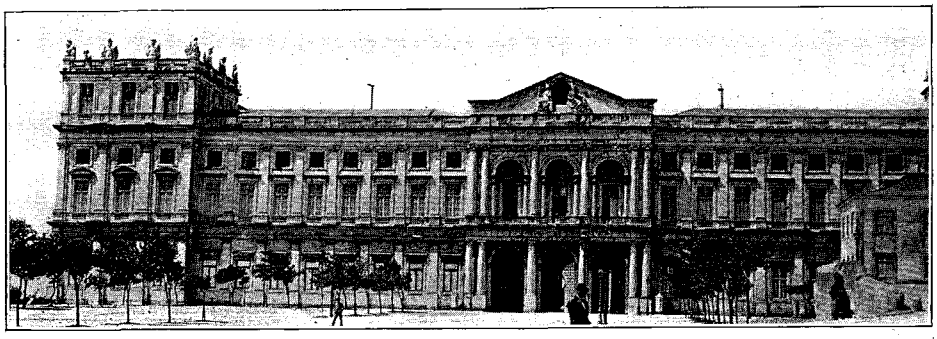

THE ROYAL PALACE AT LISBON

MONARCHS IN EXILE

BY GEORGE C. JENKS

ING MANUEL II is not the first of the House of Braganza to taste the bitterness of exile. A few years ago, pottering about in the gloom of a second-hand book shop in one of the byways of Paris, might be seen an elderly man in a shabby cloak. He would claw a volume from a shelf with his lean fingers, run through it, grumble under his unkempt grey moustache, put it back and pull down another. Evidently he was not easily pleased. His examination of a book did not end with a casual skimming in the manner of one who merely wanted something to read. He was obviously a "collector." If the work were a rare one this threadbare man would know it, and there would be a haggling with the dealer, which might or might not end in a purchase.

The cloaked and grey visitor was Don Miguel, Duke of Braganza, whose son, Miguel, lately became the husband of Miss Anita Rhinelander Stewart, of New York. The Duke might be King of Portugal to-day only that his father, who reigned as Dom Miguel I, gave up his claim to the throne at Lisbon in 1834—after being soundly beaten by the forces of his niece, Maria da Gloria—and promised that his descendants should abide by his renunciation. But posterity has ideas of its own, especially where a crown is concerned, and in view of recent events, who can say that Braganza will not at some time be again the family name of the reigning house of Portugal? Indeed, only three years ago the Duke publicly declared his readiness at any time to respond to a call "to the throne of his fathers."

Meanwhile, the Duke—who does not go to England since the assassination of King Carlos and his son Luiz, two years ago—may be found in almost any of the capitals of Europe, except London, in the course of a year. A spare, upright figure with the general appearance of an English half-pay officer who is living as respectably as possible on an extremely limited income. He has his Château Seebenstein, in Lower Austria, but the place is heavily mortgaged and there is little there to attract him. So he prefers to wander about from city to city, accepting invitations to castles and country houses when they come to him, riding to hounds when some one gives him a mount, "talking shop" with such military men as he meets (the Duke was a Colonel of Hussars in the Austrian army until 1908), and always looking for a rare book or picture which may come within the scope of his purse.

It is, of course, not likely the Duke will ever be King of Portugal. If he does not it will not trouble him much, apparently. Like many another royal exile, he is happy in his own way, with only the ever insistent persuasion that he is en-

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titled to wield a sceptre to disturb him. What may be the feelings of his son and the aspirations of the young man's American wife is another matter. As Richard of Gloucester was fond of saying, according to Bulwer, "A crown is a goodly heritage in a man's family."

THE PRESENT DOM MIGUEL OF BRAGANZA

Goodly, no doubt, when it can be grasped and comfortably worn. A curse, surely, to those whom it eludes. One need not turn back the dog's-eared pages of history for verification of this obvious truth. The futile monarchs of Froissart and Macaulay, who lost crown and head together, or pressed pallid faces against the bars of prison windows to see the usurper pass in insolent pomp, followed precedents recorded in the Pentateuch. On the other hand, there are plenty of draggle-tailed sovereigns going practically the same road in this twentieth century. True, it is not the fashion to cut off royal heads to-day, but crownless kings are still numerous. One may run against them anywhere in Europe, and in America as well. More than one man nursing a claim to a throne carried a sword or a gun in this country in the Civil War.

These out-at-elbows personages are not referred to as kings by the world at large. In royalty, as in other walks of life, it is success that counts. So the hordes of dukes, princes, counts and plain citizens who hold that they would be rulers if the king had his own are, in the vernacular, merely "pretenders." This is a nomenclature and popular verdict all in one. The divinity that doth hedge about a king becomes very much frayed at the edges when it enwraps one with little else to shield him from the coarse contempt of the proletariat. Yet there are some in this phantom cloak who carry themselves gaily, and while waiting for the favouring wind that shall waft them to a throne, make what they can of the passing hour. Phillipe, Duc d'Orleans, for example. A handsome, well-set-up man, with strong features, dancing eyes and a pointed beard of the prevailing Parisian mode. He does not live in Paris, however. The last of the Bourbon family in a direct line from Henry of Navarre, he was taught by his father, the late Comte de Paris, that eventually he would reign as King of France. This would be, of course, when God and the people willed it. But the call might come at any time, and he must always be prepared to fulfil his destiny.

So, in the soft, warm mist of the upper reaches of the Thames—where exiles love to go—he grew up, to be a king or a mere citizen of the world, as it might happen. When the Comte died his son retained the pretty home at Twickenham. He spends some of his time there now, but not much. Frequently he sails away to

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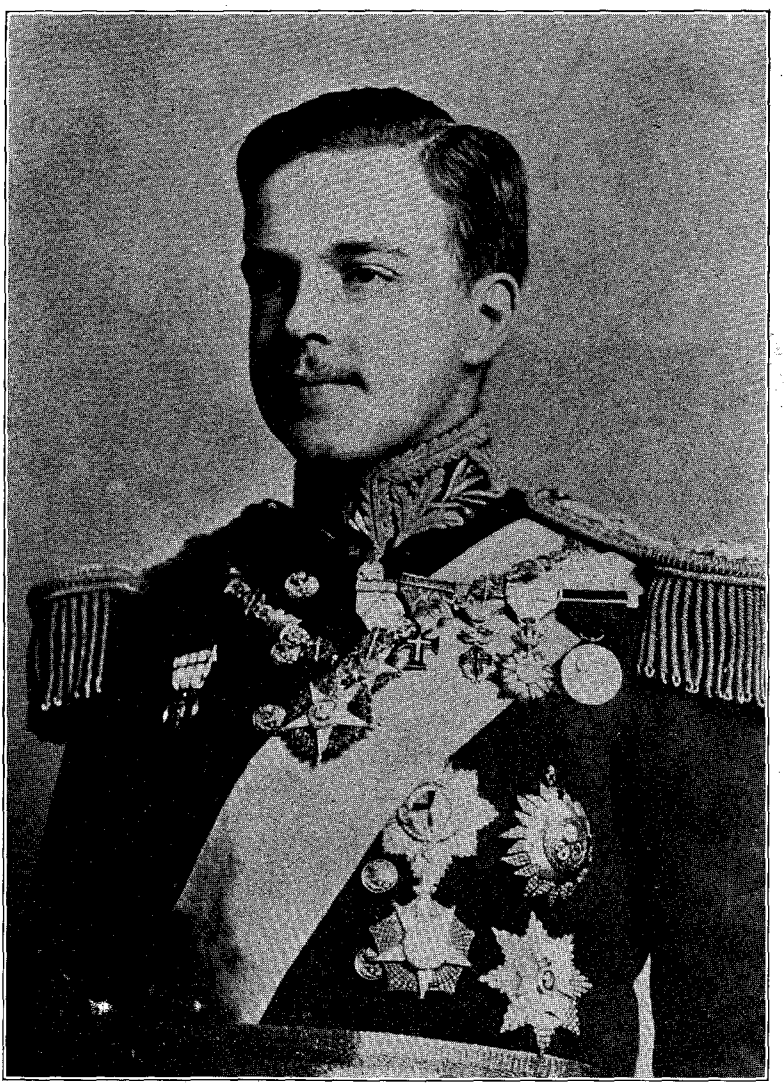
Africa, Asia, Australia, the Rockies—anywhere that he can use a gun. For he is a hunter by nature, and generally he goes after big game. Now and again he slips into Paris to see a few loyal friends through a haze of cigarette smoke. In some retired café he confers democratically with the *bourgeosie* and men in blouses. He feels that it is to this class he must look if he is ever to live as the master at Versailles.

The authorities in Paris generally know when he is there. But, unless he becomes perniciously active—as he did ten or twelve years ago, when Labori was liberating Dreyfus from Devil's Island—they let him alone. During the Dreyfus agitation, when party feeling ran high and the man in the street was spoiling for a fight, he tried to work up a Bourbon sentiment on his personal behalf. The result was that he had to cross the English Channel in a hurry, never stopping in his flight until he reached Twickenham, where he could gird at the French police in safety. He was only an impetuous



MANUEL THE SECOND OF PORTUGAL. THE LATEST MONARCH TO BE FORCED INTO EXILE

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young man who believed in himself and the justice of his cause.

Born in 1869, only a year before the fall of the Second Empire, the Duc d'Orleans has personally known France only as a republic. But, with royal obstinacy, he cannot but believe there will come an end to the people's rule at some time. When that moment arrives he will be ready, as his father bade him. Doubtless the young man sees a long vista of kingly magnificence stretching before him.

PHILIPPE, DUC D'ORLEANS

There are other Bourbons than this dashing young fellow from Twickenham who feel that they should be kings by right of inheritance. Some of these live in Paris to-day. They are banished from the throne they believe is theirs, but no one prevents their cuddling under the eaves of the palace and looking in at the doorways, so long as they don't try to pick the locks or throw bricks at the windows. One of these Parisian Bourbons is Prince Jean. Because he is only a member of a collateral branch of the family some sneer at his claims. But he cares nothing for that. His powerful faith in his own heirship to the rulership of France nothing can shake. He even has a royal title. The handful of people who believe in him—many wearing the scrap of red ribbon which lifts them immeasurably above those whom they call the *canaille*—speak of him as Jean III. He smiles when he hears this.

But he cannot stop to discuss this trifling question just now, for he is busy. In the little back room, in a narrow street smelling of miscellaneous merchandise, where he does clerical work in an importing house, he has a great many invoices to go over, accounts to make out and bills to file away. He bends over his desk steadily more hours a day than the average American bookkeeper. For he has no money except what he can earn from week to week. It is a sordid life, but grit is a Bourbon trait, and Prince Jean does not mind. Why should he, he asks. He is young, vigorous, hopeful, and one may always pick flowers and inhale their fragrance as one walks through life. It might not be so easy to do if one had to climb down from a cumbersome state carriage. This, or something like it, is the philosophy of Jean III, King of France. So, after telling you, in answer to your direct question, that he has many dear friends perpetually working for him and his cause, he shrugs his shoulders and goes back to his paper-littered desk. He must earn his living. A king, as such, draws no salary when out of a billet.

Still another of the Bourbons with a hankering for a throne he is never likely to occupy can be found, when at home, on a comfortable estate near Trieste. He is a well-filled-out man of forty, with the large nose and full lips of the family. He dresses well, and, as he has enough money for his needs, finds life agreeable enough except for the consuming ambition he has inherited. This is Don (or Prince) Jaime, son of Don Carlos. Alfonso XIII is his third cousin, and he might be on good terms with his Majesty were it not for the awkward circumstance that he insists that he himself is the rightful King of Spain. Jaime's fathers so taught him. Don Carlos's grandfather sat on the throne until he was deposed in one of those political upheavals which are usually so much more tragic under a mon-

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archy than in a republic. An opposing branch of the Bourbon clan took possession, and Alfonso holds court at Madrid. Not in peace does the young king reign, however. The adherents of Don Jaime are perpetually trying to restore the Carlos dynasty to the rulership of Spain.

Almost any time these twenty or thirty years one of the common headlines in the newspapers has been "Another Carlist Uprising." Don Carlos used to take an active part in these movements. Now it is Jaime. The young man is a good Catholic. At the beginning of the present year he issued a manifesto in which he declared that Spain had been ruined by the spread of religious free-thinking and Protestantism, and insisted that the only chance for Spanish regeneration lay in united effort by those professing the Catholic faith. Don Jaime, like all of those living who have ever possessed or expect to possess a crown, visits Paris often, and is occasionally seen in London. He prefers the latter city. There is no interference with men who sit in back rooms in Soho and talk about restoring fallen dynasties. The metropolitan police authorities know every rendezvous of the kind and keep a record of those who go

DON JAIME

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in and out. "But what harm can they do?" ask the police. That is the common attitude in London toward movements not aimed at British institutions. The safety of the Spanish throne is Spain's business.

There lives in Brussels a short-legged man with a square face, bald forehead and long sweeping mustachios, who might be Emperor of the French if there were any hope for the Imperial dynasty. He is Victor Napoleon Bonaparte. His grandfather, Jerome, was a brother of the great little Corsican. Prince Victor—one can always be a prince, if not a king—is hailed by some of the old guards of Louis Napoleon as Napoleon V. The stiff-jointed veterans who may have wept in the presence of the tragedy of Sedan, but have never flinched in loyalty to those whose veins carried Bonaparte blood, bow low in the presence of the commonplace little man who reigns only over his small family in a Belgian middle-class villa. Perhaps he likes the homage of these old men, but his face suggests that he feels the uselessness of it all. Its expression suggests boredom. That he reverences the memory of his famous great-uncle may be gathered from the fact that he carefully preserves a sword which Napoleon I carried in some of his campaigns. It is about the only tangible reminder he has of the greatness that has

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRAGANZA

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been in his family. It is not likely he believes he ever will be Emperor. He is a sensible man, and he has something else to do besides chasing rainbows. Perhaps he tells his three children sometimes that they would be living in a palace and riding in a gold carriage if wicked men had not interfered. But, if he does, you may

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE TO-DAY

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be sure they listen to it only as a fairy tale. When he has finished they probably say, "Now, papa, tell us another." For a palace belongs to the realm of enchantment to most children, even when their father is a prince—by courtesy. Perhaps these youngsters would not be so happy in a palace as they are in this cheap house on the banks of the Senne.

THE DEPOSED SHAH OF PERSIA

Early one morning in 1860, near the little village of Farnborough, Hampshire, two half-naked men fought brutally with their fists for the "international championship." Their names were Heenan and Sayers. As the former was America's representative and his opponent that of Great Britain, the eyes of the world were on Farnborough that day and the outcome of the battle was talked about everywhere. While the prizefighters pummelled each other on that quiet English countryside there was a happy

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family living in the palace of the Tuileries, only a few hundred miles away. Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, his consort, the beautiful Eugenie, and their son, the Prince Imperial, perhaps never heard of the fight.

Yet to-day, in a modest, garden-embowered home at Farnborough, overlooking the spot where the prize-ring was pitched nearly fifty years ago, sits the sad old lady in black who once was Empress Eugenie. She is seldom away from her English home. Occasionally she visits Paris, where she has many friends, who make much of her. Sometimes she goes further. She was in Naples recently, and an Italian journalist quoted her as saying: "I am a poor woman, who has lived much and suffered much. I live in my youth and my past. All else is but a shadow—a dark shadow." And a shadow she is herself, this old lady of another day. She has never looked up since her boy, her only son, the Prince Imperial, was prodded to death with assegais by Zulu savages six years after her refugee husband had turned his face to the wall and died of a broken heart at Chiselhurst. Eugenie spends much of her time in her garden at Farnborough. The peasantry know her so well as a kind lady that they forget she ever was an empress. She never reminds them.

Another woman whose tangible royalty is a thing of the past, but who is apparently not unduly distressed over it, is Princess Kaikilani, widow of King Kalakaua, who ruled over the Sandwich Islands. The king was a man of the world and a gentleman, accustomed to the usages of what is familiarly called "society." It will never be forgotten that a Mayor of Chicago, in a burst of delicate humour and good taste, introduced him at a public assemblage in that city as "the King of the Cannibal Islands." The ex-Queen, or Princess Kaikilani, is now the wife of Hubert Vos, the painter. She lives in Paris when she is not globe-trotting. She was in America recently seeking the adjustment of certain claims she makes against the United States Government, and those who saw and recognised her beheld only a well-bred woman, in black silk, who gazed about her with the air of one used to command. She is not a queen now, but she carries herself as if she were. When she dined at a New York hotel on her last visit here she tipped the waiter five dollars. His homage could not have been more reverent if he had been approaching the steps of her throne in the days when she habitually occupied one.

There is a cold-eyed, nervous little man in a red fez, eating his heart out behind locked doors and barred windows in Salonika, Central Turkey. He has been nicknamed "Abdul the Damned." Until last year he was the ruler of Turkey under the title of Abdul Hamid II. Stories have come from the Salonika prison that Abdul had several times tried to commit suicide. Few people believe it. This man, at whose door is laid the massacre of tens of thousands of Armenian Christians, as well as countless other murders, has been always notoriously afraid of death in his own case. Reports that he has made various attempts to stir up revolt among his guards and make his escape are more credible than those of attempted self-destruction.

There is a suspicion that the tales of his efforts to kill himself are preliminary to an announcement by his jailers that he has succeeded. If he dies who is to say whether he killed himself or was executed? Meanwhile he who as Commander of the Faithful for so many years held the lives of all about him dependent on a movement of his finger, is as helpless as the mean slave who slunk out of his sight in the gardens of the Yildiz, before the Young Turk party decided to banish him from Constantinople. Of all the monarchs in exile, it is safe to say that Abdul Hamid is the most miserable.

If you go to Odessa you may run against, in the street or bazaars, a swarthy man in the inevitable fez worn from the Levant to the Caspian Sea. He is a quick-moving person, whose beady eyes seem to take in everything. You would say, at first glance, that he was a small merchant, or perhaps a barber, but he isn't. By imperial rescript, some time ago, the Czar ordered this stranger in the greasy fez to be addressed as "Shah" and "Majesty" in Russia. For he was Shah of Persia until his deposition, and as such considers

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Nicholas, must be treated with respectful consideration. So he finds what comfort he may in the empty title, fortified by the knowledge that it is bestowed by special decree from St. Petersburg. The ex-Shah lives in a villa in Odessa, has enough money for his modest wants, and, like most of the ex-sovereigns out of their former dominions, is not without a few loyal adherents who have followed him into exile.

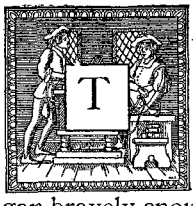
There is a Bourbon somewhere calling himself King of Naples—although there have been no Neapolitan kings for many generations. Then there is the Franco-Dutch family of Nauheim, which claims descent from the Dauphin, "Louis XVII," with Heaven knows how many more claimants to the rulership of France. To mention all of the real or fancied royalties who have no throne would be an endless task. They are passing and repassing each other continually up and down Europe, rubbing the tinsel off each other's robes, generally without recognition. It is a good thing this is so. If all were to begin telling their grievances together, what a Babel it would be!

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

IV—The Technique of Form

The preceding article in this series sets forth the fundamental importance of having, in the composition of any literary work, a definite purpose and a clear-cut central idea. Yet it is not enough for an author to have ideas and to be able to express them clearly. He must learn which of the various artistic forms is best adapted to be his medium of expression. In his choice of a form he will probably do his best work if he follows his natural bent; but whatever form he uses, his first duty is to master the technique of that form, and to learn how it is treated by the best authors both in the past and the present.



HERE are few of us who have not, at one time or another, been drawn into the childish pastime of attempting to trace a pig with our eyes blindfolded. We usually began bravely enough by drawing two fairly symmetrical ears, and if the pencil was not quite as steady as it might have been, as it proceeded to delineate the snout, the general effect was fairly creditable; at least, the bystanders had not yet found adequate cause for merriment. But when it came to the legs, our sense of proportion weakened, wavered, slipped utterly from us; those four legs straggled across the paper in riotous disorder like the distortions of a convex mirror, the pencil wobbled more and more hopelessly and the last mad dash for the finish landed, as likely as not, in the middle of the fore leg instead of at the starting point, the tail curled in a fantastic corkscrew from the middle of the back, and the eye, added as an afterthought, gazed at us in a detached sort of way some inches from the rest of the drawing. All this may seem irrelevant to the Craftsmanship of Writing, but unfortunately it is not. One of the commonest experiences in a critic's ordinary routine is to come across literary efforts of various form and magnitude which convey the impression that they too have been constructed with the eyes blindfolded.* The

*Writers should remember Carlyle's advice: "To the poet, as to every other, we say, first of all, *See.* If you cannot do that, it is of no use to keep stringing rhymes together, jingling sensibilities against each other, and name yourself a *poet;* there is no hope for you."

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main difference is that the general effect is more saddening than ludicrous. And the reason for this, of course, is that there is nothing especially discreditable to the average man or woman to be unable to draw a pig with their eyes blindfolded, while for the literary craftsman to be careless and slovenly in his technique of form is not only discreditable but needless.

The Elasticity of Form

Now, having introduced this metaphor of the pig, let us go a step further and find out clearly to what extent it applies to the literary craftsman. There is no hard and fast rule regarding form, whether we are speaking of drawing a pig or writing a short story; in either process there is ample latitude for individual expression—there is no such absolute uniformity required as in minting a gold eagle or moulding a Rogers group. Your literary or artistic pig may be fat or lean, contented or disgruntled, small, round and pink, or razor-backed and black and bristling—but you have no right to take liberties with his recognised anatomical structure—draw any kind of a pig you choose, so long as it remains a pig. In other words, you have no right to profess to be working in a certain recognised literary form, and then so distort the leading characteristics of that form that it becomes something entirely different. "The confusion of kinds," says Henry James, "is the inelegance of letters and the stultification of values."

The Invention of New Forms

It does not by any means follow that an author is not free to invent new literary forms or varieties, if he has the inventive power. There is no rule in art forbidding the unusual, the new or even the grotesque. There is no reason why we should not have, from time to time, something undreamed of in the philosophy of literary form, any more than there is a reason why the sculptor should not carve a griffin out of stone, although he never saw a griffin in the flesh. Otherwise we should have been deprived of some of the most interesting experiments in English literature: *Gulliver's Travels,* and *Pilgrim's Progress,* the *De Coverley Papers, Alice's Adventures,* the *Jungle Books,* and *Redcoat Captain*—the list could be prolonged indefinitely. But any writer who wishes to discard the accepted forms and make new forms for himself would do well to remember what Ruskin said regarding the difference between the Lombard griffin and the classical griffin, in his chapter on the Grotesque:

> "Well, but," the reader says, "what do you mean by calling *either* of them true? There never were such beasts in the world as either of these."
>
> No, never; but the difference is, that the Lombard workman did really see a griffin in his imagination, and carved it from the life, meaning to declare to all ages that he had verily seen with his immortal eyes such a griffin as that; but the classical workman never saw a griffin at all, nor anything else; but put the whole thing together by line and rule.

In other words, if a writer is big enough, inspired enough—call it what you will—to see with his immortal eyes some new and better form, then let him use it fearlessly, provided that he is quite sure that it is a new form and not a distorted old one. For it is a much rarer and harder thing to produce a glorified griffin than a misshapen pig.

The Importance of Technique

Yet the necessity of studying the technique of form in all its minutest details is so little understood and so slowly grasped by the average beginner in writing that it is a temptation to insist upon its paramount importance even to the point of tediousness. So many young writers have their answer all pat: What, they ask, is the use of putting so much stress on form? The great writers of the past were notoriously loose and careless in construction; look at the rambling, episodic character of Homer and Cervantes and Rabelais; and were Fielding and Thackeray and Dickens much better in their technique of plot? Of course, all this is perfectly true; and the chief reason why so many young writers—and older ones, too, for that matter—are slow to appreciate the importance of good technique, is the conservative force of tradition—the great masters of the past, who wrote before the more elaborate technique of to-

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day had been developed, did thus and so; and if good enough for them, why not, is the argument, good enough for us? No less a person than the Spanish novelist, Señor Valdès, betrays in this regard a curious lack of critical acumen: The Latin races, he grants, are accustomed to give greater attention to unity of structure; the Anglo-Saxons and the Slavs, on the contrary, prefer a greater variety of interest, a more prodigal abundance of life:

> One of the best contemporary Russian novels, *War and Peace,* might with very little effort be divided in two, because it contains two perfectly defined actions, which are carried on side by side throughout the whole course of the book. Which of these conceptions of the composition of a novel is the true one? In my opinion, both of them. To decide in favour of one of them would be to assert the inferiority of the novels written according to the other—and that seems to me unjust. Dickens, Thackeray, Gogol, Tolstoy are as excellent novelists as Balzac, George Sand, Flaubert and Manzoni.

The fallacy of Señor Valdès's argument, of course, is his failure to recognise that while the English and Russian novelists whom he names are as great, if not greater, than the French and Italian, their greatness is not due to their looser method of construction, but in spite of it. There is progress in the art of writing, as well as in other arts, and the wise modern writer profits by the improved methods. The tales of Boccaccio are inimitable specimens of their kind; but now that we have the modern conception of what a short story should be, as formulated by Poe and Maupassant and Kipling, it would seem scarcely worth while for any writer of to-day deliberately to revert to the cruder form of the early Italian *novella.* Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques* are likely to remain the last attempt of the sort to gain literary recognition. *Don Quixote* is one of the three or four indisputably greatest books in the world—but that is no reason why any twentieth-century tyro in novel writing should take Cervantes for his model and imitate successfully all his faults of construction, while the magic that makes the book unique forever eludes its imitators.

The Architecture of Verse

It seems inevitable that in discussing the technique of form the argument should tend constantly to revert to prose rather than poetry, and to the novel in preference to all other prose forms. And it is quite natural that this should be so. The necessity of structure in verse is in a way axiomatic; it enters into the very definition. In short, in all verse, from the greatest to the least, there is something which may not unjustly be called architectural in the way it is built. Indeed, the more formal types, like the rondeau, the ballade, the rondel, the sonnet, offer to the eye, as they lie upon the printed page, as definite a suggestion of a ground plan as any blue print of the modern draughtsman. The regularity of recurring rhymes, the marshalled lines of numbered syllables and stresses inevitably suggest the methodical courses of brick and masonry, the stately rows of Doric columns or gothic pinnacles. Every great epic is a temple in words, every nursery rhyme a structure of toy blocks, playthings of uncomprehending merriment. Carlyle was not the first writer to liken the *Divine Comedy* to a cathedral; but no one has ever worded it so well:

> A true inward symmetry, what we call an architectural harmony, reigns in it, proportionates it all; . . . the three kingdoms, *Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso,* look out on one another like compartments of a great edifice; a great, supernatural world-cathedral piled up there, stern, solemn, awful; Dante's World of Souls!

Now in prose, and especially in fiction, which enjoys the advantage of being the most elastic of all literary forms, the architectural element is far less in evidence, because the best technique in fiction demands the most careful framework, most carefully disguised. But, supposing that a young writer says quite frankly, "I recognise the truth of all you say; I believe in the importance of the Technique of Form, and I want to learn and obey the rules of the best construction. If I try to write a novel, I want it to be a novel in the best sense, and not a string of short stories. If I write a short story, I want

The Choice of Form

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to feel sure that it is truly a short story in spirit and inherent purpose, as well as in outward form. But how am I to decide what particular artistic form is best adapted to be my medium of expression? What I want to write is (let us say) a novel; but are my ideas big enough? Are they inherently long-story ideas, or are they foredoomed never to be anything more than short stories?" This point was touched upon briefly in the preceding article; but it is so extremely important to the individual writer, and a miscomprehension of it has led so many beginners astray, that a certain amount of repetition seems justifiable, especially as it paves the way to another thought of some importance. The greatest mistake that a young writer can make is that of thinking of ideas as being in any sense a lot of square pegs that must not be placed in round holes, or *vice versa*. An idea is not foreordained to any exclusive appropriation by any one artistic form; it is not inevitably the beginning of a sonnet or of a four-act drama, any more than a ball of yarn is necessarily destined, as it comes from the spinning-wheel, either for an afghan or a pair of stockings. Ideas are the raw material of literature; what they are to be worked into, depends not upon the ideas themselves, but upon the individual author's bent of mind, the way in which his thoughts naturally take shape. We are too apt to think of a thought, a really big and important thought, as we think of a precious stone, something crystallised and unyielding, something which can be cut and polished, to be sure, but only in accordance with its natural angles and lines of cleavage. We would come nearer the truth if we likened ideas to pure gold in the ingot, that may be worked into any shape, applied to any purpose, forming the standard of value in the world of letters, yet capable of being spread out to infinitesimal thinness, in order to give cheapness the glitter of a spurious worth. What is wrought from the ingot depends upon the skill and genius of the goldsmith; it is not the fault of the elemental gold, if, instead of delicate miracles of the jeweler's art, it finds itself debased to an electro bath for Ten-Cent Store cuff-buttons!

The Natural Bent

It follows that we can do no poorer service to a young writer than to persuade him that an idea which he has already seen clearly in one form, must not be used in that form, but for something quite different. We sometimes hear a young poet receive advice, somewhat after this fashion: "Yes, the idea that you have in mind for a sonnet is a good idea in itself, but the trouble with it is that it is not a sonnet idea; it never could make a good sonnet; give it up!" It always seemed to me that it must take an uncommon amount of boldness to assume such a responsibility as that! The most, it seems to me, that any one has a right to say is, "That is an idea from which I, myself, could not make a good sonnet; I, individually, cannot see it in the sonnet form," or, perhaps, if the intimacy between the adviser and would-be poet justifies this attitude: "From what I know of your previous work, I cannot believe that you could give this particular idea the adequate treatment and development for a sonnet; give it up, not on account of the idea's limitations, but because of your own." But the usual and safe rule is that every writer must find out for himself what shape he may best give his ideas —and that is why it is generally wiser, if a writer has critical friends whose advice he values, to get his start by himself, have his first draught finished, or at least well advanced, before asking for a critical opinion. It often happens that an idea which, when presented in the rough, seems to the critic quite hopeless, becomes with even a slight degree of working-up, not only promising, but triumphantly vindicated. Think how absurd it would sound to say to a goldsmith: "Don't try to make a ring out of that piece of gold wire; there isn't a ring in that wire, there is nothing but a scarf-pin!" Yet that is precisely the sort of misleading advice that is not infrequently given to story writers. Many an author has wasted months on a bad novel, when he could have used the same idea in a good short story; many a short story has spoiled an idea that might have served for a ballad or an elegy, or a musical comedy—not because there was any incongruity in the ideas themselves, but be-

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cause the author failed to follow his natural bent.

The Contemporary Model

But, whatever form a young writer uses, it is his first duty to master the technique of that form, to familiarise himself with its entire history, to learn not only how the best authors have used that form in the past, but also how the modern generation is modifying it to-day. I am continually amazed at being asked by beginners, "Isn't it better for me to read as little as possible of contemporary books? Am I not in danger of losing my originality if I fill my mind with the ideas of others? Is it not bad for my style to read any books except the recognised classics?" Personally, I have little patience with such an attitude of mind. The man or woman who has so little originality or inventive power as to be bewildered, stunted, overwhelmed by contact with the thoughts of others, offers a rather hopeless case anyhow; the great majority of normal human beings find something stimulating rather than deadening in wide reading; and to the craftsman who is really interested in his art it must be a very hopeless book indeed that does not give him something upon which to whet his inventive faculty. The very imperfections of a plot in any current penny-dreadful, may suggest, by the glaring way in which an opportunity is missed, a new twist that might be given —and so you have the starting point of a new and perhaps a big story. And in any case a writer cannot afford to be ignorant of what is being done to-day in his own field. Such neglect is only a few degrees worse than for a lawyer to refuse to recognise the authority of a case decided later than 1850, or for a physician to ignore modern methods of treating disease, lest he should lose the originality of his own methods. The comparison is not quite so far-fetched as perhaps at first sight it may seem. The fact that there were some brilliant surgeons half a century ago in no way minimises the importance of antiseptic methods of to-day; and the inclusion of *Tom Jones* and *Roderick Random* and *Tristram Shandy* among the English classics does not alter the fact that there exists to-day a technique of fiction such as was not remotely dreamed of by Sterne or Smollett or Fielding. One of the first things for a beginner to learn, if he would master the technique of form, is to distinguish between the writers who have already mastered it and those who have become great in spite of poor technique. It is the difference between a rough diamond and a polished rhinestone—the value may lie wholly in the stone or wholly in the cutting. But best of all is the author who combines a flawless technique with the greatness of genius—a perfect cutting and a perfect stone.

The Need of Thoroughness

For the sake of being specific, let us take one or two examples: for instance, the case of a young writer who wishes to learn in the best way how to write sonnets. Here, as everywhere else, there is a certain measure of the art which cannot be taught. If he has not the inborn instinct that will tell him what thoughts are beautiful and what are not; if he has not a natural sense of harmony that will distinguish between a pleasing sequence of sound and a discord, it is rather futile to try to help him. But, granted that he possesses these elemental and indispensable qualities, the first thing to do, of course, is to put him in the way of knowing what a sonnet is. Now, the shortest and simplest—I was on the point of saying, the laziest—way to do this would be to pick out some one or two of the great English sonnets, Milton's sonnet on his blindness, or Wordsworth's sonnet to Milton, and say to him: "Here is your model; study the verse scheme and try to do one like it." And of course the student in question would be no more fitted for writing a sonnet than a child is prepared to read when it has mastered only the letter *a*. What he ought to do is to learn the history of the sonnet, to study the development of its form with all permissible variations of rhyme, in Italian as well as in English; to know in what respect the Shakespearean sonnets differ from those of Milton and his again from Keats or Rossetti. He should know what constitutes a perfectly regular sonnet and what are its permissible irregularities. Then, and not till then, he is qualified to pass judgment upon a sonnet, either his own

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or some one else's—and, it may be, is capable of producing a sonnet good enough to be given out to the world at large.

The Diversity of Methods

Or let us take another and far commoner case, that of the would-be writer whose interest lies mainly in fiction. It does not matter whether he prefers the short-story form or that of the novel; his training in either case will be practically the same. What he needs most is a patient study of the authors who have paid strict attention to the technique of form: in English, Henry James and Mr. Howells, Kipling and Hewlett, Gissing and George Moore are only a few whose methods when properly understood are full of illuminating suggestion. And the French are in this respect especially helpful, far more so than the Russians: Turguenieff himself is reported by Henry James to have confessed frankly in conversation that one fault of his own work was *"que cela manque d'architecture.* But," he added, "I would rather, I think, have too little architecture than too much,—when there is danger of its interfering with my measure of the truth. The French of course like more of it than I give,—having by their own genius such a hand for it; and indeed one must give all one can." There are probably no two novelists to whom the architecture, the underlying and hidden framework of the plot, means precisely the same thing, or who have anything like the same method of developing it. Each writer must learn by experience what method brings him individually the best results. One man may prefer to carry the rough outline of the plot in his head; another can do nothing without an elaborate scenario; a third prefers a diagram, with lines crossing and intercrossing, to show the points at which the lives of the different characters intersect. Nothing would be more helpful than a collection of confessions from our leading novelists as to just how their plots were built up, step by step. Here, for instance, is a curious sidelight from Henry James's preface to *The Awkward Age,* that has already given several suggestive illustrations to these articles:

> I remember that in sketching my project (*The Awkward Age*) I drew on a sheet of paper . . . the neat figure of a circle consisting of a number of small rounds disposed at equal distances about a central object. The central object was my situation, to which the thing would owe its title, and the small rounds represented so many distinct lamps, as I liked to call them, the function of each of which would be to light with all due intensity one of its aspects. . . . Each of my "lamps" would be the light of a single "social occasion" in the history and intercourse of the characters concerned, and would bring out to the full the latent colour of the scene in question, and cause it to illustrate, to the last drop, its bearing on my theme.

The whole world knows Emile Zola's elaborate system of "documentation," the long and toilsome preparation that he went through before writing even the first paragraph of his opening chapter. If, for instance, he was going to write a novel on the life of the theatre, so he once told the Italian, Edmondo de Amicis, he would begin by jotting down all that he could remember of his own personal experience in regard to plays and playwrights, theatrical managers and actors; he would then secure all the books bearing upon the subject that he could find, would consult friends regarding their experiences, carefully noting down all the details and anecdotes they could give him. Then he would secure letters of introduction to leading members of the theatrical world, spending long hours in the Green Room and at rehearsals, saturating himself with the spirit and the atmosphere of the stage. And out of all this, the plot would little by little take form, almost unconsciously. According to Zola, this was very much the method of Alphonse Daudet as well; and Daudet himself has told frankly of a certain little green note-book from whose pages came *Numa Roumestan* and certain other stories besides. But unlike Zola, Daudet admitted that he could not always control the details of his plots and that there were times when the story took the matter into its own hands, in spite of him. Speaking, for instance, of the criticism against the commonplace death from consumption of one of the characters in *Numa Roumestan,* he gives the following explanation:

> But why consumptive? Why that senti-

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mental and romantic death, that commonplace contrivance to arouse the reader's emotion? Why, because one has no control over his work; because, during its gestation, when the idea is tempting us and haunting us, a thousand things become involved in it, dragged to the surface and gathered *en route,* at the pleasure of the hazards of life, as sea-weed becomes entangled in the meshes of a net. When I was carrying Numa in my brain I was sent to take the waters at Allevard; and there, in the public rooms, I saw youthful faces, drawn, wrinkled, as if carved with a knife; I heard poor, expressionless, husky voices, hoarse coughs, followed by the same furtive movement with the handkerchief or the glove, looking for the red spot at the corner of the lips. Of those pallid, impersonal ghosts, one took shape in my book, as if in spite of me, with the melancholy curriculum of the watering place and its lovely pastoral surroundings, and it has all remained there.

It is a little difficult to give general advice regarding the best way to study the technique of form in fiction. The method of diagramming is certainly full of suggestive surprises. I have myself gained some rather happy results in the way of discovering, where one of my lines trailed off into space like a lost comet, that the particular character which that line represented had little or no structural importance in the story. But to a good many writers the diagram method would be of infinitely more trouble than help. To them I would give the more general advice, to try and think of their art in terms of painting; to think of the story they have to tell as being a picture that they are to put upon canvas; and that, like any other picture, it must be subject to the ordinary laws of perspective,—all of which has been quite admirably expressed in the following paragraph by Mr. Trollope:

"But," the young novelist will say, "with so many pages to be filled, how shall I succeed if I thus confine myself? How am I to know beforehand what space this story of mine will require? . . . If I may not be discursive should the occasion require, how shall I complete my task? The painter suits the size of his canvas to his subject, and must I in my art stretch my subject to my canvas?" This must undoubtedly be done by the novelist; and if he will learn his business, may be done without injury to his effect. He may not paint different pictures on the same canvas, which he will do if he allows himself to wander away to matters outside his own story; but by studying proportion in his work, he may teach himself so to tell his story that it shall naturally fall into the required length. Though his story should be all one, yet it may have many parts. Though the plot itself may require but few characters, it may be so enlarged as to find its full development in many. There may be subsidiary plots, which shall all tend to the elucidation of the main story, and which will take their places as part of one and the same work—as there may be many figures on a canvas which shall not to the spectator seem to form themselves into separate pictures.

Now, if you cultivate the habit of thinking of fiction in the terms of painting, the first question that you are likely to ask of each book that you read is: At what point did the artist set up his easel; from what angle did he see his story? Did he look down upon his little world from some high eminence with the all-seeing eye of Omniscience; or did he deliberately limit the range of vision to a definite angle, a single street or room or only so much of life as falls beneath the eyes of one of his own characters? When the technique of fiction was in its infancy, these various methods were indiscriminately used; but now we demand of an author first of all that he shall be consistent. If he professes to tell us, as Mr. James did, What Maisie Knew, we would have a perfect right to resent being told anything that Maisie did not know; if we are to see a story solely from the outside point of view,—and Verga's *Cavalleria Rusticana* is probably as perfectly consistent a piece of work of that sort as was ever produced, being so wholly objective that it has the effect of a moving-picture,—then we might resent with equal right any attempt to get inside of a character's brain and to tell us what he is thinking of. Secondly, having found out the author's point of view, we want to ask ourselves what the size of his canvas is: how big a story he has to tell and what are his dimensions in point of time as well as space. There are a hundred ways of

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telling every story. Don't make the mistake of assuming that the author has necessarily chosen the best way. You are entitled to your own opinion; try to find out for yourself just why he began his story where he did, why he spread it over a certain range of days and of miles, why he had nine characters instead of eleven, or fifty-seven instead of forty-three,—in other words, when dealing with a modern novel by an author whose technique is supposedly good, cultivate the habit of assuming that the novel contains nothing, not even of the most trivial character, that was not the result of some deliberate purpose, carefully calculated to play its part in the design of the book as a whole. Unfortunately, you will run across many things in the novels even of the best craftsmen that are not the result of any such careful planning; and you will even more frequently find carefully planned effects which have failed of their purpose. And whenever you do run across a clear case of miscalculation, congratulate yourself upon your discovery; for you can generally learn a more valuable and lasting lesson from the blunder of a better craftsman than yourself than you can from a dozen of the same writer's successes.

Yet all this advice is quite futile if the student of craftsmanship cannot bring to his task a certain degree of intelligence and plodding patience. A sort of half understanding of the authors you study becomes that dangerous thing which we are told is the penalty attached at all times to a little knowledge. Unintelligent imitation will often render grotesque what would otherwise have been a really good piece of work. A short time ago a manuscript came into my hands of a story carefully written, full of a glow of verbal colour and up to a certain point not without interest. It was plain that the writer had saturated himself with the imaginative stories of the French school, such as Prosper Mérimée's *Vénus D'Ille* and Gautier's *Pied de Momie*. He had caught the trick of telling a story which apparently was due to supernatural causes, yet could, if the reader preferred, be explained on simple and rational grounds. The story was somewhat after this sort: there was a mysterious piece of jewelry from which a single gem was missing; the jewelry was undoubtedly of great antiquity and it possessed mysterious properties calculated to inspire both curiosity and awe. The missing gem is recovered under curious circumstances, and no sooner is it replaced than the possessor forthwith goes into a trance and witnesses very vividly a painful tragedy re-enacted from the vanished centuries. All this would have been very well indeed but for one trifling mistake; the historical scene that is re-enacted in the vision was (let us say) the death of Julius Cæsar, following without variation the traditional account. Of course, as a mystery story, the purpose was defeated. The moment the name Cæsar was mentioned the reader knew what to expect and there was no surprise held in reserve. By way of contrast and to show how a story based upon a perfectly familiar historical incident may be handled in order not only to justify itself but to give the keenest possible shock of surprise at the end, one has only to recall that amazing bit of irony by Anatole France, *La Procurateur de Judée,* in which Pontius Pilate is talking in his old age with another Roman, indulging in reminiscences of his long-ago governorship in Palestine. Gradually, the friend brings up one memory after another, drawing closer and closer to the crowning event that has stamped itself upon his brain, the crucifixion. Then comes the ironic surprise that gives the story its peculiar twist. Pontius Pilate shakes his head. "I don't remember," he says slowly. "But then, there were so many cases brought before me in those years!"

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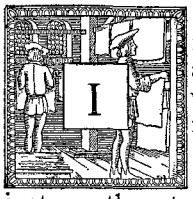
THE VALUE OF SINCERITY AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



T seems on the surface rather superfluous to tell any workman that his work, in order to be good, must be sincere. For, of course, in the ultimate analysis, sincere work is just another term for genuine work—something real as opposed to what, at best, is only a sham. Now, the story teller, like any other craftsman, must believe in his own work; he must be satisfied with his own intention, he must feel that what he is doing is worth while. For, after all, it is nothing more than simple, elemental honesty to try, whatever kind of thing we are making, to give the best that we have of that kind.

But in the writing of stories there are a good many different sorts and degrees of sincerity. The actor who plays Hamlet may be in private life a cheerful, self-contained person whose nerves play him no tricks, who has never wished by day that his too solid flesh would melt nor feared by night what dreams might come—and yet, if for the time being he throws himself, heart and soul, into his part; if, for that brief hour or two, he lives and breathes and thinks as Hamlet thought, then his presentment of the part is sincere. And, in the same way, if a novelist, with no earthly interest in the central theme of his story for its own sake, no bias in favour of abolition or total abstinence or Mormonism, takes the trouble, just for his art's sake, to study the moods and temperaments of people who do believe with all their heart in just these things, and succeeds in catching and mirroring back these emotions and enthusiasms which lie quite outside of himself, then his work is sincere—with the sincerity that always goes with art for art's sake.

But there is another kind of sincerity which is born not merely of the intention to do good work and of the consciousness that one is succeeding in doing it, but of a keener, more personal zeal. In this, as in everything else, the rule holds good that the stronger the force, the greater the harm if the force is misapplied. Zeal, in behalf of any principle or creed or doctrine, is a golden spur to success so long as it serves to urge us along the paths of good art, but it becomes a scourge of destruction if we let it swerve us aside upon a reckless cross-country dash of proselyting, indifferent to the beliefs and sympathies we may trample upon by the way. There is a gulf between the religious novel, on the one hand, which makes you say, "Here is a book that sets forth the tenets of (for example) Presbyterianism with exceptional clearness; the man who wrote it knew what he was talking about," and another book, showing the same special knowledge, but so partisan in spirit that you fling it from you in exasperation, saying, "The author of that book is a bigot. He thinks there is no hope in this world or the next for any one but a Presbyterian!"

At this point, any one reading these pages is quite likely to say, "Oh, you are harping once more upon that well-worn grievance, the Novel-With-a-Purpose!" And that is where the reader would not quite understand. The Novel-With-a-Purpose is simply one manifestation of

*The Husband's Story. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Gold Brick. By Brand Whitlock. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Rose in the Ring. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

People of Position. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. New York: Wessels and Bissell Company.

The Heritage of the Desert. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Better Man. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

At the Villa Rose. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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bad workmanship due, not to the absence of sincerity, but to sincerity that is undisciplined. The whole question of sincerity in art is to be divided under two heads: first, that purely objective and artistic sincerity already spoken of which aims solely at telling the truth and making art the mirror as well as the interpreter of nature; and, secondly, that more personal and subjective sincerity which, no matter how much we resist it, always manages to put something of ourselves into our work. Of course, sincerity in art, whichever of these two kinds it may be, is at best a compromise. No matter how literally we try to produce upon canvas the dignity of an oak or the frolicsomeness of a kitten, we cannot count the leaves upon the oak nor number the hairs in the kitten's fluffy fur. If we write a story of political corruption, or medical malpractice, or religious fanaticism, we cannot openly declare our personal conviction that every member of a certain party was an unhanged villain, every practitioner of a certain school a charlatan, every man, woman and child of an alien creed a brand for the burning! No, if we did that our book would not be a Novel-With-a-Purpose, but no novel at all; it would be nothing but an incoherent and hysterical exhortation.

We all know, of course, that one of the first articles of faith of the French realistic school was that the best art must be wholly objective, the author's personal views kept absolutely out of his picture. And we also know by this time that a work of art of this sort is a physical impossibility, existing only in theory, just as in geometry a line without breadth and a surface without thickness are purely theoretical and can have no existence in physical form. An author may picture the external things of life with great truth, if he has a clear eye to see and a hand well trained in his craft. But in order to interest us and to hold our attention he needs something more; he needs sincerity. Unless he cares rather keenly about the people and the events of which he writes, we are only too apt to say, as we read, "Well, this may all be very true, but what of it? He tells us the sky is blue and the rose is pink, that the young woman is beautiful and the old man lonely and pathetic—but he does not make us feel the tingling gladness of a cloudless day, the fragrance of a new-blown rose, the charm of youth or the sadness of age, because he does not seem to be able to feel these things himself; he does not sound sincere." It is like the emptiness of a hand-clasp that has no warmth of the heart behind it.

Now, this sort of sincerity is a factor of the big things and the little things alike in every book that really counts; it is felt in the great underlying theme of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and in the most trivial little touches of local colour and absurdities of local character in any one of Miss Austen's volumes. *La Débâcle* is a great novel because of the sincerity of Zola's belief in the needlessness of war. William Black's books are a joy to the fishermen, even more than to the novel reader, because of the sincerity of his own love for salmon fishing. Digressions in fiction are generally not good art, yet the uncritical reader will seldom find fault with them if he feels that they are sincere. There is many a novel in which the action has stood still for half a page to watch the glow of a crimson sunset—but woe to the author who takes this liberty without ever having felt in his own heart an answering throb as the west faded from crimson into dusk. With a lively imagination, you may write well of things that you do not know, but it would need a miracle to write well of things that you have never felt. Lewis Carroll felt, without knowing, the realms of Wonderland and of the Looking-glass and therefore could make them real. Mr. Robert Chambers knows the life of New York's exclusive set, but he does not always feel; and that is why such books as *The Firing Line* and *The Younger Set* do not always ring quite true.

It is right to emphasise the importance of this factor of sincerity in fiction because upon it very largely depends the longevity of any short story or novel. It is perfectly true, in prose as well as verse, that "to feel is better than to know." The novelists who touch our heart have a far stronger hold upon us than those who simply reach our brain. Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy, Meredith make us feel; any encyclopedia can help us think, but who

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wants to sit down for a quiet hour of real enjoyment with the companionship of an encyclopedia?

"The Husband's Story"

There are some types of story that could scarcely be spoiled, no matter in what mood they were treated; the results would differ merely in degree and not in kind. There are others to which sincerity, earnestness and the sense of a virile grip upon the whole structure and conception of them are essential; and lacking these, they would be nothing at all. *The Husband's Story,* by David Graham Phillips, is an example of the second of these classes. The novel of so-called "high-life" society in America, written from the man's point of view, with its sneer at ostentatious display, its reproach of tainted money, its cynical attitude toward marriage and divorce, is one of the commonplaces of our modern fiction—and for the most part it is a cheap and ineffective production, lacking in novelty, in imagination and in a first-hand knowledge of life. That is why Mr. Phillips's book gets, from the very start, such a hold upon us. There is no possible chance of mistaking the fact that the author is tremendously, vitally in earnest. He has really done a good deal of rather hard thinking before writing this book—and this is not said with any intention of belittling Mr. Phillips's earlier books nor of ignoring the fact that he usually is considerably in earnest and usually does produce volumes of considerable strength. But there is not the slightest question that while for ten years he has been producing books that are full of promise, his latest one is not a promise, but a fulfilment, and one to be rather proud of. As you read it for the first time the substance of it seems strangely familiar—the history of just two people, a man and a woman who start at a low rung on the social ladder and who climb, laboriously, falteringly, at first, and then more and more easily until they get to the point where they could not go back if they would and yet find that somehow contentment and happiness and the really substantial things of life have after all eluded them. When stated this way it does not seem a very wonderful thing to have said, because so many other novelists have said it and proved it to their own satisfaction. It is because Mr. Phillips has done the thing with such downright sincerity that we cannot choose but listen to him. And in his whole method, in form and phrase and substance, his instinct has been true. There was just one way to tell effectively this type of story, namely, by letting the husband speak in the first person. Mr. Herrick knew this when he wrote *The Diary of an American Citizen*—but that book, clever though it was, hardly did more than scratch the surface of the opportunity lurking in his theme. Mr. Phillips has dug deeper; he has shown us, in the lives of this one couple, Godfrey Loring and Edna, his wife, all the artificiality and selfishness, the empty ambitions and false ideals that lie behind the tinsel and the glitter of the so-called "Four Hundred." The husband who tells the story does so with great simplicity and directness. He makes no secret of the utter sordidness of their origin in Passaic, New Jersey; of Edna's father, the undertaker, known as Old Weeping Willy; and his own father, "honest innocent soul, with a taste for talking what he thought was politics." He makes it clear that Edna married him, not for love, but because he was getting the biggest salary of any of the young fellows whom she knew and offered her the best chance of advancement—and she deliberately intended, when she married him, to get as much out of him as could be gotten by clever driving; nor could she have planned the thing more ruthlessly had she been acquiring a beast of burden, instead of a husband. Now, the one thing that saves the story and renders it at all possible is the fact that the husband is an exceptional man with that extra sense which constitutes the business instinct, and coupled with it a saving sense of humour. The early chapters, picturing with remorseless frankness the transition period while Edna was floundering out of the half-baked standards of Passaic into the half-way stage of Brooklyn, are full of those wonderful little flashes of first-hand observation that seem like fragments filched, if not directly out of your

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life and mine, at least from that of the family next door or the neighbour across the street. This husband is never for an instant under any illusion about his wife; he realises her incompetence—the incompetence of thousands of young American wives for the particular work they have undertaken, the work of wife and of mother and of housekeeper; he realises too her craving for social advantages—and in a half-confessed way he sympathises with her and is willing to accept the fruits of her social conquests, although he will not raise a finger toward helping her. This perhaps is the cleverest touch in Mr. Phillips's satire. He does not tell us in so many words (of course, he cannot, since the book is written in the first person) that the husband is just as much at fault as the wife, just as unfitted for his task of husband, and father, and master of the house, as she for her duties; just as unscrupulous in his determination to conquer, at the lower end of town, in business and finance, as she in society—but he makes this perfectly clear and distributes the blame with an admirable equity. In other words, this book might be defined as an indictment of the "high-life" American marriage, on the ground of the woman's vaulting ambition and overweaning self-importance and the man's inertia, coupled with his absorption in the busy game of chasing dollars. The outcome of the story does not concern our purpose. As this type of story goes, it is more than usually clever—considerably better, and truer than that of its closest prototype, Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread*. But stories of this sort have no logical end until the restless spirits with which they deal have done with this life, and any sort of an ending is at best a makeshift.

"The Gold Brick"

Mr. Brand Whitlock, who, among the many things in life that he has to be proud of, ought always to give a conspicuous place to the fact that he was author of one of the very few American political novels that refuse to be forgotten, *The Thirteenth District*, has gathered together the best of his recent short stories into a volume which, taking its name from the leading tale, is called *The Gold Brick*. It would be easy to fill a number of pages with heartfelt appreciation of these stories, because they too have the stamp of sincerity and a virile directness. No one can question, in reading them, that they are drawn straight from life, because even their weak points are quite obviously of the sort of real happenings that the average careless observer is only too apt, in the cocksureness of ignorance, to pronounce as something that "could not have really happened." But we shall have to be satisfied with briefly outlining just one of these stories, the one called "What Will Become of Annie?" Now, Annie was the wife of Alderman Jimmy Tiernan. Jimmy had carefully kept the two sides of his life apart. One side of his life was when he was at home with Annie; the other side was when he was running his saloon or talking ward politics with the boys, or in the thick of a fight at some special session of the city council. Now just before his death there had been just such a session called for the purpose of putting through the new gas franchise, and Jimmy Tiernan had had charge of the fight. This franchise had been pretty well exposed in the papers; it had become a rather open scandal, and yet, with Jimmy Tiernan behind it, the measure went through. A little later on, and before Jimmy had had a chance to distribute among the aldermen who had helped him put it through the generous price at which their votes had been bought, Jimmy was shot and was lying dead in a hospital—and the Reverend Father Daugherty had been appointed his administrator. Now it happened that Jimmy Tiernan kept no account and that when, in the presence of some deeply interested aldermen, Father Daugherty opened the safe in the late Jimmy Tiernan's saloon, there was found a little package containing fifty thousand dollars without anything to show either its source or its destination. Under the circumstances it seemed to solve very neatly the problem of what was to become of Annie—and since the gas franchise had already been passed, it was a little too late for regrets or protests.

The Rose in the Ring, by George Barr McCutcheon, fits conveniently into the present scheme because of the impression

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that it conveys of a certain unwonted sincerity and directness of portrayal on the part of the author. Mr. McCutcheon has often won the present reviewer's reluctant admiration for his almost unsurpassed ability to do precisely the thing that he has tried to do. There is no one writing in America to-day who can so successfully turn out the purely artificial and pseudo-romantic type of adventure story which so overwhelmingly appeals to the modern matinee girl as the author of the Graustark stories. But in this book there is, blended with his usual element of popular appeal, a certain quality that in the past has been rather conspicuous by its absence. I am not attempting to endorse the plot of *The Rose in the Ring* as being anything else than what it actually is, melodrama, pure and simple. The only heir to a big Virginia estate, a boy still in his teens, is wrongfully accused, by an unscrupulous uncle, both of murder and of theft of a will; with circumstantial evidence tremendously against him, the boy runs away and finds a haven of refuge in a travelling circus, where in the disguise of a clown he finds himself able to elude the eyes of the sharpest detectives. Among his many friends none is more devoted than a certain professional pickpocket, whose devotion is inspired by his chance defence of the pickpocket's brother, a hunchback, misshapen in mind as well as body. This hunchback's crimes are the chief factor in bringing the pickpocket within the shadow of the gallows, in almost spoiling the hero's chance of vindication and in well-nigh branding the book itself as a "penny-dreadful." And yet all of this taken together cannot alter the fact that Mr. McCutcheon, when he was a small boy in some Western town, on certain rare occasions, must have gone to the circus; that the wonder of these occasions, the smell of the tan-bark, the glitter and magic of the ring, the inimitable wonder and fascination of the circus atmosphere must have got once for all into his blood—and so, now that after a lapse of many years he gives us a novel of the circus, he cannot, whether he will or no, fail to reflect something of that early enthusiasm. We smell the tan-bark, we thrill with the ceaseless gallop round and round of the piebald horses, the crack of the ringmaster's whip, the cheap wit of the painted clown; we are country boys again, watching the rise of the magic group of white tents, as though they were so many palaces rising in response to the rubbing of some Aladdin's lamp, the agency of some invisible geni of the field. And this is why *The Rose in the Ring* ought to appeal not merely to Mr. McCutcheon's accustomed audience, but to certain other readers as well who have not yet forgotten the time when they hoarded their pennies for the price of admission or perhaps successfully wriggled their way beneath the flap of canvas on those wonderful and rare occasions when the circus came to town.

"The Rose in the Ring"

People of Position, by Stanley Portal Hyatt, has been characterised by reviewers as "a strong, courageous story." And, to be just and honest, such are the qualities of this author's earlier works, *The Little Brown Brother* and *The End of the Road.* To speak frankly, however, this latest volume rings a little false, at least in its appeal to the ear of the present reviewer, although, of course, in a book of this type the personal equation enters in rather largely to any judgment, however objective one wishes to make it. The problem of *La Dame Aux Camelias,* idealise it as you will, remains an ugly one. Marguerite reverts to her old life, you remember, as the one conclusive proof that her romance with Armand is at an end; and it is not until she is on the brink of the grave, sanctified by the shadow of the great Hereafter, that she receives him again for a last farewell. And this, although in a way rank romanticism, does no violence to our sense of what is possible. But Mr. Hyatt's conception of a man who has knocked around the world from pillar to post for the better part of his youthful years; who comes back to England because he has been worsted by fate and because he has there a number of smug, well-to-do and socially well-established relatives; and who, nevertheless, almost on the day of his advent, comes across a girl of the streets, rescues her from the

"People of Position"

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over-warm attentions of an African negro, falls in love with her and defies social decency by openly associating himself with her, is in itself bad enough. When he asks us to believe that this man, a rather decent sort of fellow at heart, after offering this girl marriage, learns that for months she has been pretending to scrape along and pay their way on his modest earnings as a newspaper writer and yet all the while has been supporting him on the money paid her by other men—when he asks us to believe, on top of this, that the man again asks her to marry him and that she accepts, he simply insults our sense of what is true and what is not. Mr. Hyatt is always a man who has something to say and his observations of life and of character are extremely clear and usually true. But one suspected, even with his first book, that he was also a man whom his thesis for the moment might easily lead astray, and the present volume proves it.

"The Heritage of the Desert"

The Heritage of the Desert, by Zane Grey, is a book full of crudities which we nevertheless forgive because of that saving grace, the quality of sincerity. It is a story laid in the early days of the settlement of the Southwest; and the chief factors are a colony of Mormons who have been crowded out of Utah to take refuge in the inaccessible fastnesses amid the Arizona deserts; secondly, the Navajo Indians; and, thirdly, organised bands of cattle-thieves. The specific romance which binds the various ingredients of this story together is the attachment between a half-breed Indian girl, adopted daughter of a Mormon prophet, and an invalid from the East whose one hope of life lies in the curative properties of the Arizona air. We have had more novels built from this material than could easily be counted. This particular one, however, is its own best excuse for existence. It presents certain types of Mormons in a rather new light that somehow carries conviction with it; it gives us some rather graphic pictures—perhaps all the more graphic because a little crude and sketchy—of the rugged scenery, the intolerable heat, the agony of thirst, the brutality of man when the veneer of civilisation drops away. In the absence of any specific information regarding the author, one ventures the opinion that if this is a first effort he is likely to go a long way forward in the near future, and therefore is distinctly one of the writers who are worth watching.

"The Better Man"

The Better Man, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, is a book which one prefers to believe was not wholly sincere. It has been the fashion for some years now to put together stories that have justified themselves by a lamentable degree of popularity, in which the well-to-do, highly educated and delicately nurtured heroine has deliberately chosen to go against tradition, expediency and the wishes of family and friends and select between two suitors—in this type of book there are always two suitors, neither more nor less—the one who is the inferior in birth, education and manners, but who has the greater amount of push and self-reliance and those various physical qualities which we are apt to think of as making up the successful American. That this particular conception of life quite belies our own personal observations of what is true seems to carry no weight with the modern novelist. We remember within the past five years just one novel entitled, if we are not mistaken, *The Right Man,* which, in spite of numerous shortcomings, gave a good many people a keen sense of joy, because it was a courageous negation of the current false attitude of fiction and showed a young woman who very wisely threw over the big, strong, hustling American for the sake of the man of good birth and good breeding—the man with traditions and culture to match her own. Mr. Brady's new volume, in spite of some clever situations and a few admirable pages of characterisation, exasperates the reader who loves the truth. It asks us to believe that the daughter of a New York millionaire, with all New York society open to her from which to choose, limits her choice in the first place to a clergyman and secondly, when this choice narrows down to two young ministers of the Gospel, one of them a prosperous and popular preacher to the rich, and the other a raw-boned, uncouth missionary to the

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lower east side, not only rough-mannered, but rather proud of being so; that she deliberately consents to antagonise her father, to defy popular opinion and sacrifice all worldly advantages for the sake of the humbler and more primitive man; —and in asking this, the book asks a little too much. No matter how much the author sugar-coats his problem and emphasises the stirling manhood of his hero, his unvarnished truthfulness and noble abnegation, the book somehow leaves behind it a sense of something wanting, a fundamental lack of sincerity.

Even in such an artificial type of story as the detective novel, the element of sincerity is an indispensable quality. That is why the new volume by A. E. W. Mason, entitled *At the Villa Rose,* is a book that stands out rather conspicuously from amidst the great mass of fictional murder mysteries. An old woman found mysteriously strangled in her own villa; her companion, a young Englishwoman known to have lost heavily at the gaming tables, promptly accused of the crime; a wealthy young Englishman openly espousing the young girl's cause and enlisting the aid of the most famous living Paris detective; a tangle of circumstantial evidence, an absence of motive, and a baffling intrusion of spiritualism—these are only the superficial and preliminary features of a mystery which actually fulfils the stereotyped formula of the reviewer, namely, that it "keeps up a breathless suspense until the closing page of the thrilling narrative." In other words, although Mr. Mason usually employs his talents in more serious work, he quite understands the rules of the game; and while he obeys them, even to the extent of introducing the real criminal in rather close proximity to the opening page, he keeps the reader groping quite helplessly through pretty nearly two-thirds of the volume—and, as detective stories go nowadays, this is rather ample praise.

SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

E. Keble Chatterton's "Steamships and Their Story"*

Following up his success in *Sailing Ships and Their Story,* Mr. Chatterton writes—in a sumptuous volume with one hundred and fifty-three illustrations, the print and get-up of which is a delight—the history of the steamship on similar lines. The story is clear and interesting, and it is pursued both with enthusiasm and with a merciful avoidance of technicalities. Indeed it is possible for the lay reader to run and not grow weary, while yet obtaining (as the author promises) a fair grasp of the principles which underlie the building and the working of a ship. One need not abandon hope even when he enters the door of the engine-room. The author has, it would seem, surveyed every aspect of the subject; and there are chapters on the steam yacht, steamships for special purposes like freighters and trawlers and whalebacks, and on inland and cross-channel and P. and O. ships—as well as of the big North Atlantic liners, an abstract of which is given below.

Around the sailing ship, says the author, there hovers eternally the halo of romance, but in the whole of her eight thousand years of recorded history she has not done more for the good of humanity than the steamship within less than a century. And she is equally romantic, for she is as nearly human as anything in the world can be which is not. It is a fitting time to write her history, for much further than a forty-five-thousand-ton ship it cannot be possible to go.

The Chinese had long worked at the

*Steamships and their Story. By E. Keble Chatterton. London and New York: Cassell Company, Ltd.

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idea of propelling a boat by machinery; the Romans had at least attempted it; the Middle Ages had tried it also; but in the seventeenth century Solomon de Caus published a treatise on the application of steam as a means of elevating water, and at the beginning of the eighteenth Papin determined to propel a ship by it. The paddle-wheel turned by physical force was thoroughly grafted into man's mind long before he thought of the steamboat, for no one dreamed of utilising steam as long as human labour was too cheap to bother about it. The propelling energy of steam was noted as early as 130 B. C., but to Papin, in 1707, belongs the honour of constructing the first steamboat—which he navigated on the River Fulda in Hanover. But the local boatmen smashed her to pieces and he barely escaped with his life. It took the engines of two inventors to make a Watts, to devise a separate condenser and an air pump and to hit upon some method of converting the vertical movement into a rotary one. With Watts's engine two Frenchmen, Périer and De Jouffroy, experimented for marine application. The latter succeeded at Lyons in the presence of ten thousand witnesses. But he was compelled to fly for his life in the French Revolution, and before he could obtain a patent he was forestalled by others who were experimenting in England and America. In 1786 Fitch produced a boat which had a speed of eight miles an hour and ran regularly on the Delaware, covering during the summer of 1790 over two thousand miles. So it is not to be wondered at that, bitterly disappointed at his shareholders' lack of faith, he committed suicide. In giving praise to Fulton, we have kept from Fitch the recognition he deserves. Still another man achieved a practicable steamboat before Fulton, a Scotchman in a steam tug called the *Charlotte Dundas*. It was from the Frenchman, Périer, that Fulton borrowed the engine for his boat; and—unlike some of his admirers—he never showed the slightest disposition to deny his indebtedness to what others had done before him. The previous failures he believed were due not to defective engines, but to wrong methods of applying the steam. With his second boat, the *Clermont*, we step from the realm of theories and suggestions into a realm of almost uninterrupted success. But it was emphatically—as he himself testified—a success in which many men had taken part, both by their failures and their achievements, and practically no part of the *Clermont* was his invention. It was his manner of employing the parts scientifically that made him succeed.

The Dean of Ripon, who was on the *Clermont* during her first voyage, prophesied that before the end of the nineteenth century steam vessels might even be able to cross the Atlantic. Fulton lived to see the first vessel tempt the ocean, for Stevens—driven off the Hudson by the decision of the courts granting Fulton the monopoly thereon—took his boat round to the Delaware by sea. With the *Comet* began the activities of the Clyde manufacturers and continued for some time unrivalled, for the watermen on the Thames were more successful than they had been on the Hudson in their opposition to the new craft. In her twenty-one days of sea-voyage the *Savannah* of New York exhausted her coal in eighty hours' steaming and had to fall back on her sails. But by the third decade the *Enterprise* on a voyage from London to Calcutta steamed for one hundred and three days out of her total of one hundred and thirteen. When the *Great Western* crossed the Atlantic in fifteen days with only one-fourth of her coal consumed, people saw that it paid to build a vessel big enough to carry plenty of fuel. Her fare was thirty-five guineas and her largest number of passengers one hundred and fifty-two. She averaged eight knots a day, but the *British Queen* which followed her averaged ten. The many successes of this year, 1838, set a prominent merchant of Halifax to thinking; and so when the Admiralty invited tenders for carrying the American mails by steamboat he crossed to London, where he was unsuccessful in raising capital, and then to Glasgow, where the Scotch proved more foresighted. He eventually got the contract and the Cunard line was begun. Its history is practically the history of the American liner.

Not until 1852 did the Cunard company give an iron ship with a screw pro-

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peller a trial. Iron and screws had been fighting their way all this time, for both of the new ideas brought in a new set of problems which it took many experiments to solve. Iron was really compelled by the increased length of the ships, and so it won out in spite of virulent opposition. But the screw propeller was much objected to by the saloon passengers—who, according to mediæval custom, still had the place of honour in the stern—on account of the vibration. Propellers really had in America the start of paddles, for three years before Fulton came on the Hudson Stevens, who took his boat over to the Delaware by sea, had crossed the river from Hoboken to New York in a craft propelled by a double screw. But it remained for the *Great Eastern* to demonstrate in face of the passengers' objections that the paddle wheel was unsuitable for ocean work. And in addition she showed the advantage of the double bottom, for she ran on a rock and damaged more than one hundred feet of her outer hull, yet completed her voyage without leakage into her hull proper. These two things were perhaps service enough for any one ship. Certainly she did little else, for she was a monster born before her time, and not until a half century later had builders experience enough for so large a ship. It took three months to persuade her to enter the water after she was built; when she got there she could not pay her way, and after laying the Atlantic cable she was handed over to the ship breakers.

The use of iron meant a saving in displacement of about one-third, the ship could have a much thinner skin and thus carry more cargo, and it was possible now to control a fire started at sea. In the matter of the two innovations, the Inman line preceded the Cunard. It inaugurated, too, the custom of carrying steerage passengers—who before had travelled solely on sailing ships; and it abolished the long, narrow, wooden deck-house to give the passengers promenade room. Then the White Star ship, the *Oceanic*, threw convention to the winds and established a new order of things. Her beam was exactly one-tenth of her four hundred and twenty feet length; she substituted iron railings for the usual heavy, high bulwarks, which gave a false security in that they did not allow a shipped sea to run off; she added another iron deck; she placed her saloon passengers forward, where they would feel the vibration least and instituted many devices for their comfort, notably oil lamps for candle lamps and revolving saloon armchairs; and finally she broke the record for speed. But she did not hold the new one long, and the Guion line steamer *Oregon* won the blue ribbon; she it was who was first called "the greyhound of the Atlantic." In the *Servia* steel took the place of iron, and now iron is not used at all in ship construction. It proved another saving in weight and so permitted greater cargo and more powerful engines.

Seeing all this brisk competition, the Cunard company began to bestir itself. So well had she profited by all these experiments of others that her new boats, the *Umbria* and the *Etruria,* actually increased their speed with age, and though they were afterward much outdistanced they continued to make records in endurance and emergency tests. But again the Cunard line left to another the introduction of an innovation, and the Inman company, which had put out the first successful screw liner, was the pioneer of the twin-screw boats in the *New York* and *Paris,* afterward taken over into the new American line. The twin-screw once established, the ship became totally independent of auxiliary sails and they disappeared from the liners.

Now began the period when the latest steamship so quickly becomes obsolescent that it is handed quietly over to another hemisphere or to the ship breakers before the general public has ceased to marvel at its improvements and luxuries. Competition, already fierce, was increased by the entry of Germany into the lists. Her rapid development in ship-building is a phenomenon. It dates, like her other industries, only from the close of the Franco-Prussian War; yet in 1897, with the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, she took over the blue ribbon of the Atlantic. The British replied, not in speed but in size, with the White Star *Oceanic*. She was comparatively slow, but more efficient in proportion to expense, with five whole decks and two partial ones. The Cunard,

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satisfied with the speed of her express steamers *Campania* and *Lucania,* began now to build "intermediate" ships with a view to comfort and economy of passage rather than brevity. The White Star followed her lead, but the Germans still pursued the speed idea and again broke all records in the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* For her extra knot over her sister ship she paid two hundred tons of extra fuel a day.

The most wonderful period of the steamship has just opened with the inauguration of the turbine. "It marks a distinct cleavage between the things of yesterday and the things of to-morrow." In its simplest form the turbine is similar to a water-wheel, a jet of steam taking the place of water. It was suggested as far back as 1629 by an Italian engineer. The Cunard company, as usual, left to another, the Allan Line, its introduction upon the Atlantic, but they adopted it in the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania.* The new engine allowed them to fill their conditions in the matter of size and economy of running and yet win back the coveted blue ribbon for speed. But this—even with so wealthy a corporation—was only done as a move in the Great British war game with Germany; for it could not have been accomplished except by the financial assistance of the government, which advanced one-half of their total cost. Of their colossal proportions it is hard to get any idea. But already these leviathans are outclassed by two ships building for the White Star, which—it is said—are to be fitted with roller-skating rinks and will necessitate dredging the harbours to a depth of thirty-five feet. Future contracts seem to show that economy of running plus first-class service is now being sought after rather than speed, and ship-builders are already professing themselves capable of turning out a monster one thousand feet in length.

As for luxuries, the "profoundly preposterous box" which Charles Dickens called his cabin in 1842 has grown into an exceedingly comfortable apartment; while the millionaire may hire a regal suite with bedrooms, dining-rooms, fireplaces, mirrors, sconces, and the rest, as perfect as in the most extravagant metropolitan hotel. "Safeguard" is spelt out in every single detail; thermostats, submarine bells, engine-room telegraphs, wireless telegraphy, ensure the passenger better on sea than on land in his own home. And still the problems of the steamship—not only technical ones, but those of commissarying and ventilating—have not all been solved. But with telephones, Turkish baths, gymnasia, newspapers, veranda cafés, meals *à la carte,* fish tanks, and hospitals—what else is left to the ingenuity of man to devise for the pampered passenger? Who that stood on the deck of the *Clermont* could ever have imagined it?

Algernon Tassin.

II

Ashmead-Bartlett's "The Passing of the Shereefian Empire"*

This is a specimen of a very necessary class of books, perhaps more necessary in this country than in Europe, certainly more necessary in this country than in England. They "resume" national and international questions which have for a long time occupied public attention when they have ceased to occupy it, when from "news" they have become history. The reason why they are more necessary here than elsewhere is that our press does less than the European press to keep its readers abreast of the questions while they are "live." It is altogether occupied with the actualities of the day, of the moment. The actual happenings, the overt acts, it reports in scraps, regardless of expense, but it fails to furnish the clue to the tangled skein. At most, space may be spared in the Sunday paper for some explanation of what you have been reading all the week in the daily edition, whereas in Europe the commentary accompanies the chronicle. Wherefore the intelligent reader welcomes after the fact illumination he has failed to acquire pending the fact. He is aware, as all newspaper readers are vaguely aware, of the trouble that was supposed to be composed, but seems to him to have only been opened, by the Act of Algeciras. He is aware that the hearts of mercantile ex-

*The Passing of the Shereefian Empire. By E. Ashmead-Bartlett, author of *Port Arthur; the Siege and Capitulation.* New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1910.

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ploiters of a particular nationality were uplifted within them by some assurances of a certain Great Personage at a certain luncheon, assurances which have never yet been authentically reported. And he is aware that the settlement which was agreeable to the high contracting parties of Europe was by no means so to the "host" of tribesmen without which Europe reckoned. What happened after, "by parcels" he has "something heard, but not intentively." But he lacks a coherent story even of what happened, while as to the how and much more the why of its happening he is still in a very hazy state.

In these circumstances he could not have a more competent informant and illuminant than Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, one of the most conspicuous and successful of the present generation of war correspondents, who, by pluck and luck, managed to be on the spot at every crisis of the Moroccan question, as correspondent of the *Morning Post* or of Reuter, who interviewed Abdul Aziz just before his fall, and Moulai el Hafid just after his rise, carrying on with this latter negotiations for a mining concession on behalf of a European syndicate which unfortunately could not be brought to exist; who accompanied the French troops in the operations for clearing the ground behind Casa Blanca after the blunder of a French naval officer had brought about the destruction and sack of that place, who accompanied the Spanish troops which undertook a like service long after in the Riff. Here be experiences enough for the making of a first-class witness. Add that the witness knows very well how to tell what he has seen, that he supplements his words with photographs of his own "kodaking," and with maps which enable the reader to follow the operations of the French behind Casa Blanca and of the Spanish on the coast either side of Melilla, that his military criticism is fortified by observation of Russians and Japanese in Manchuria, and (apparently) of British and Boers in South Africa, and you have all the requisites for a book both entertaining and valuable. Such a book Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has in fact produced. The story is clearly told, with neither too much nor too little of the author's personal experiences, and enlivened with episodical touches of humour, as in the account of that remarkable Moorish progenitor every one of whose sixty-three sons escorted him on horseback with the exception of one child of three, "a family which should at least ensure for him the commendation of President Roosevelt"; or the account of the strict attention to business, in the most depressing circumstances, of that Jew of Casa Blanca who "was found sitting in the street, as his home was in flames, picking up the empty cartridge cases dropped by the Arabs, carefully refilling them, putting in stones for bullets, and reselling them to the hordes of ruffians who were oppressing and killing his countrymen." The whole recital, political and military, seems to justify the author's melancholy conclusion:

> Man has altered but little, and still takes as keen a delight as ever in the slaughter of his fellow-men. Now, however, his primitive brutality is tinged with hypocrisy, and he no longer plays his favourite game whole-heartedly and without *arrière-pensée*, but endeavours to ease his conscience by the appointment of abortive Hague Tribunals, whose usual achievement is to justify, confirm and add to the legitimate rules of war certain new and hideous methods of destruction which have sprung into existence since a former conference.

It is difficult for the reader of this story to avoid the reflection that "these things are an allegory," an allegory or at least a parable, or for the American to read it without the reflection that his own country, which by luck kept aloof so long from this world-old and world-wide game of pushing the weaker to the wall, is now engaged in it. Our ousting of our aborigines was accomplished so largely by individual and unobtrusive mercantile exploitations as to attract little attention. The Mexican War was our first and remains our only predatory foray. But the European game, the game which the English have played longest and most successfully, and of which the smaller operations of the French and Spanish in these late years are here recounted, is the game to which we have committed ourselves at the other end of the world. It is true

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that it is hard to see how we could have kept out of it. Probably the ruling motives to our retention of the Philippines were our aversion to returning our "allies" to the mercy of Spain, and our determination that, whatever happened, Germany should take nothing by our motion. If we have acquired an elephant, we have not wilfully taken a hand in the general game of grab. Being in it, we must acquit ourselves of it as best we may. If we play the part of England in Egypt, or even in India, we shall do the best we can hope for, and better than it appears any of the Continental Powers has managed to do in Asia, or in Africa, South or North.

Montgomery Schuyler.

III

Elizabethan "Literary Criticism"*

It is as well that Professor Spingarn's Note should have been written after the conclusion of Dr. Klein's little voyage of discovery, or it might easily have taken the wind out of his sails. It calls attention to the fact that this book presents not a body of criticism in the strict sense, but a collection of utterances by the writers in question on the matter they were personally concerned with—the dramatic art of the day. "The Elizabethans," says the Professor bluntly, "had little of importance to say in regard to their actual predecessors and contemporaries;" the utmost we can glean from them is a hint here and there of æsthetic theory. For the rest, Dr. Klein "has grouped these casual utterances (for most of them are casual enough) according to a classification of his own, which gives an appearance of unity and completeness to the Elizabethan theory of poetry that the dramatists themselves should not be held wholly responsible for." It is greatly to the credit of author and publisher that so frank and just an estimate of the work should have been provided with it. Little remains for the reviewer but to quote and assent to that estimate.

Dr. Klein, we fancy, has given his own assent to it with some natural reluctance. It is clear that, in the actual process, the synthesising of his material interested him more than its assembling; and that he pursued with zest and faith the somewhat elusive quarry of a critical consensus, or corpus, among the Elizabethan playwrights. His Preface, and not the text itself, suggests a doubt of the value of the game he has actually brought down. After-qualms have begun, strengthened, it may be, by the wholesome medicine of friendly reservation. There is a touch of plaintiveness, as well as a suspicion of defiance, in the author's waiver of the claim to be anything more than a collector: "The work was undertaken for the sake of the repertory alone. The usefulness of this few will question. Every reader can and will do his own synthesising; and if anybody disagrees with the opinions set forth by the author, or perhaps considers them superfluous, the latter would humbly claim that it were but the part of generosity not to grudge him the privilege of thinking while engaged in the more or less uninteresting though useful mechanical process of compiling. Whoever pleases may easily omit the commentary altogether."

This is rather overstating the possibility. The "repertory" is not printed as such; probably half of these two hundred and fifty pages would be commentary, most of it hard to disentangle from the data it handles. Such a commentary must be either pertinent or impertinent; Dr. Klein does not need to apologise for his. The scholarship of research—the scholarship which makes and employs the human species labelled as Ph.D.—must be dull business. It is pleasant to find one of the order now and then giving play to his imagination, being a little carried off his feet by it perhaps. In the haystack of fact it is the easiest thing in the world to find the needle of fancy you are looking for. What Dr. Klein thought he was finding while he was actually searching among the Elizabethan dramatists was a pretty full and consistent theory of the drama, or, as he himself calls it, "a growth of a large critical consciousness." This consciousness was concerned with all matters having to do with the purpose and conduct of the drama: with the "me-

* Literary Criticism from the Elizabethan Dramatists: Repertory and Synthesis. By David Klein, Ph.D. With an Introductory Note by J. E. Spingarn. New York: Sturgis and Walton Co.

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chanics of play-making," the "laws of the art," questions of plot, metre, acting, and so on. The upshot of his study is the conviction that he has found "the doctrines enunciated by the dramatists superior to those preached by the professional critics, both practically and theoretically." That is, the professional Elizabethan critic confined himself to insincere echoes of Continental criticism; while the dramatist was blocking out a sound working theory as well as striking out a new and living mode of procedure. One's opinion of the theory must depend upon whether it seems to have developed out of the facts here accumulated or to have found in them a welcome reinforcement. At least, as Professor Spingarn says, "Dr. Klein deserves the thanks of scholars for having made this material accessible in a single volume."

H. W. Boynton.

IV

Francis Thompson's "A Renegade Poet"*

In one of the finest of his essays Thompson says, "It might almost be erected into a rule that a great poet is, if he pleases, also a master of prose." And in these essays on Shelley, Crashaw, Sidney, Jonson, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Henley and Pope, Thompson takes his place among those who have triumphantly voiced both the higher and the lower harmonies. He is a great poet; he is a great critic—timid judgment shall abate nothing from that adjective. In his essays he is poet and critic often at the same moment; for never is poet, forsaking meter, more eloquent than when his subject is poetry, when from the valley of prose he views the heights above which he himself has soared in immortal company. He speaks of mysteries that only he and his rare brethren know intimately, and he is wiser, saner, more profound than they who have never been out of the valley.

Unpoetic scholars from Aristotle to modern professors of literature, who, in unmitigated prose, philosophise about poetry, may teach us much of ethnology, ethics, history, philology and many weighty things besides, but they seldom come near the heart of poetry. The central magic truth eludes them and vanishes into a realm to which they have no passport. This central truth we find captured and revealed only when true poets tell the secrets of their spiritual coadventurers; when Coleridge (no matter how thickly his vision is overlaid with inessential prosaic errors) wanders in indolent rapture through Shakespeare, or beside him; when Arnold lays down his ferrule, puts off his gown and rises to his full poetic stature to celebrate Keats; when Swinburne leaps out of much clogging verbiage and joins Chapman and Jonson at their noblest elevation; and when Francis Thompson pays tribute to Shelley and Crashaw in their own mintage. He pays tribute; he also judges and discriminates. What analysis of poetic diction in any handbook of poetics is so luminous and suggestive as Thompson's essay on Crashaw, in which a forger of perfect imagery stands beside the living fires of his craft and speaks with authentic knowledge?

It was said of Thompson by a friend that he was a child-like spirit "wandering perplexed through this tangled and bewildering world"—an affectionate and pathetic phrase, true to part of Thompson's poetry and true no doubt to his personality. Perhaps it does not need to be said that all poets, Blake, Coleridge and Rossetti, no less than Milton, Wordsworth and Browning, are clear-minded, reflective men, quite competent to argue with the sages. But lest those who "admire" poetry without understanding its sources should suppose that this child of song, too insistently portrayed to us as a younger brother of De Quincey, babbled his great melodies all unconsciously, let them read his essays on "Don Quixote," "Sartor Re-Read," "Nature's Immortality" and "The Way of Imperfection." There is enough here that is childlike and whimsical, but in the main Thompson's prose is as adult, rational and forthright as Poe's; and, by the way, the piece called "Finis Coronat Opus" suggests Poe rather than any one else. Like Poe, Thompson can teach us that the kinsman of the angels bases his mastery of the

*A Renegade Poet and Other Essays. By Francis Thompson. With an Introduction by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: The Ball Publishing Company.

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tongues of men upon a substantial foundation of well-considered reading.

In the papers on "Bunyan" and "The Error of Extreme Realists" Thompson is as determined, if not so trenchant, a controversialist as Henley (whom he so heartily appreciates). The essay on "Paganism: Old and New" could not be surpassed in lucidity and swift historic vision even by such a critical philosopher as Professor Santayana, himself a poet. This essay may be recommended to such as worship not only the gods of Olympus, but the spurious statuettes of Greek culture exhibited to our dull modern eyes by Arnold, Norton and Professor Mahaffy.

Our essayist is a thinker. He is also incorrigibly a poet. An opulent swarm of metaphors swims on the expository stream; the gold-dust filings from his poetry sparkle in the current. Of Shelley and the author of "The Revelation" this Catholic poet chants:

> With somewhat the same large elemental vision they take each their stand; leaning athwart the ramparts of creation to watch the bursting of the overseeded worlds, and the mown stars falling behind Time the scythman in broad swarths along the Milky Way.

It is idle to ask if this is not more than prose should attempt, when prose *is* attempting it, and succeeding, before our very eyes.

Since the time, long ago, when the reviewer met the standard critics, he has found only one book of criticism, Henley's *Views and Reviews,* so beautiful, so provocative, so bright with a sense of discovery as these essays by Francis Thompson.

John Macy.

V

C. T. Jackson's "My Brother's Keeper"*

It is ever a truism that the real significance of any movement is eventually measured more by its leavening power than by its mere numerical adherents; and in the radical thought of the day on social and economic questions, it is interesting to observe the way it has been percolating into our fiction, colouring its substance and treatment. Without being too *doctrinaire,* the vivid plea for the worker, amid the forces instinctively opposing him, that was presented in Charles Tenney Jackson's first novel, *The Day of Souls* —easily the best picture of San Francisco, next to *McTeague,* which any American novelist has written—has been repeated, from a different angle, in his new story, *My Brother's Keeper.* Instead, however, of taking the kaleidoscopic forces of the lower world as they existed before the earthquake, with their antennæ feeling all walks of life, he has moved his scene to Chicago, "the crucible of America," and focussed his theme upon a few men and women who become, in reality, vitalised social attitudes. The influence of Bernard Shaw is, oddly enough, felt in Mr. Jackson's treatment of his principal character, around whom the story revolves, but Rand is more than a mouthpiece spouting the author's radical views; with an almost Meredithian instinct, Rand recognises that only by putting sensation or theory of living to the test of circumstance does either become of value to character and society. It is Rand's self-elected mission, then, pyrotechnically and bizarrely to touch the lives of the other characters, to make them question their own ideals and to measure the sincerity of their pretensions by the actual test of service and living. There is nothing particularly startling or original in this, but it serves to lift the theme of the story above much of the passing fiction of the moment. Besides this, Mr. Jackson has succeeded admirably in placing his spectacular hero in the midst of a series of highly dramatic situations, which would grip the reader for their own sake even if their deeper significance were lost.

A minister, unfrocked because he declines to explain a misunderstood charity, wanderer, poseur, brawler, day labourer, mill-toiler, strike-assassin, Rand returns to the house of his rich father, a judge, and proceeds to put it in order by opening the windows, dusting its thick layer of complacency and generally upsetting its settled routine. With the Judge is living Ennisley, a professor of economics, and Demetra, his wife. Ennisley is

*My Brother's Keeper. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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really a crusader in social theories for the betterment of "his fellow-brothers" and a believer in the vision of a greater race which the crucible of American life, with its maw-like eagerness for assimilation, alone can bring about. He has married Demetra, a Pole, whom, as it happened, Rand years before had befriended by giving her the opportunity to better her earth-tied condition. Ennisley is on the point of persuading the Judge to subscribe more money for advancing his reforms in the Rand mills, to better the condition of the workers, when Karasac, an anarchist, resorts to bomb-violence, resulting in several deaths. Karasac escapes to seek Ennisley, whose theories of equality and brotherhood have been by ignorance so tragically misread. The police are following Karasac, and in a splendid ironically written scene, Karasac appeals for protection to Ennisley, who, realising his great mission and dream will be destroyed should his own indirect responsibility for the crime be known, denies the anarchist's acquaintance. But Rand, with a diabolical enjoyment of the situation, proceeds to protect his "beast-brother," who, in fact, is also Demetra's brother. It is the reaction from this upon the various characters that the greater part of the novel deals: Ennisley's justification of the Nietzschean text that "the community is worth more than the individual," Demetra's horror at accepting cosey safety through Rand's expense and the final heroism with which each faces the naked facts of their own married life. From it husband and wife, together with the disillusioned little Polish secretary, who loves Ennisley, are led, under Rand's purging mockery, service and final sacrifice, into a larger spiritual kingdom.

The diffusion of incidents which the subject matter of *The Day of Souls* necessitated is lacking here, for the structural treatment in this new novel betokens a distinct advance in the author's art. Indeed, there is a dramatic sense of the most practical sort which at times seems better suited for the stage than the novel, and, no doubt, this novel will find its way to the footlights, though much of its psychology would be regrettably lost. What makes this novelist significant is that he knows how to write vivid dialogue revealing an intimate understanding of both men and women, the influence upon them of environment and a splendid grasp on the social problems of our American life. And beneath it rests the deep conviction that a change is impending for a better equality among all those contending forces which, in professing to solve, our economic and social schemes have in reality created.

George Middleton.

VI

W. F. Payson's "Periwinkle"*

Mr. Payson maintains the mood and manner of the elder romanticism more tenaciously than most of the younger American novelists who make any pretensions to artistic excellence. There is a certain strain of moral and spiritual idealism in his imagination which seems to make him unable to conceive of life save as the arena for a conflict between the elemental forces of good and evil, or to interpret this otherwise than with emotional intensity and a highly figurative fashion of speech. He is, in short, the poet rather than the artist or the analyst, and he has, accordingly, an eye only for those broader and more general aspects of nature and human life which fuse easily and afford a ready outlet for his flow of imaginative lyricism. Thus, while his latest book, *Periwinkle,* is described in the subtitle as "An Idyl of the Dunes," there is in it very little of that idyllic quality which, for example, characterises the books of the late Sara Orne Jewett, several of which deal with similar themes and material. For Mr. Payson, not pictorial beauty, but force of human passion, is everything, and nature itself is but a medium for expressing it. He describes well the various aspects of the Cape Cod coast, where the scene of his story is laid, but his descriptions are always charged—sometimes surcharged—with emotional significance. He thinks of the sea only in association with those who find their graves in it, and those others who spend their lives in battling with its might. In the same way he sees

*Periwinkle. By William Farquhar Payson. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company.

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his Cape folk, who have so often been made the subject of fiction and semi-fiction, only in their deeper moral traits, and he presents rather a general than a highly individualised portrait of this stubborn and resistant race. There is scarcely any attempt to elaborate local "types" among them. They are all, even the old beachcomber and his widowed daughter with her passion for maternity, more nearly the kind of men and women who would be bred by similar conditions anywhere, and they are as elemental as the sea itself.

The story of Mr. Payson's little heroine who is rescued from the waves, and is adopted by a crew of life-savers, would easily lend itself to idyllic treatment, but it is here not so much the intrinsic beauty and charm of the situation as its possibilities from the standpoint of emotional drama that attracts the author and determines his handling of the subject. Otherwise he would not so rapidly pass over Periwinkle's girlhood when she roams the dunes dressed as a boy and patrols the beach with her strange companions. The story really begins only at the moment when she herself makes a rescue. Richard Langdon is a wealthy young man of dissipated habits and a wasted career. His yacht burns at sea, and he alone escapes from the wreck. Periwinkle finds him half frozen, warms him with her young body, and brings him back to life. Of course she falls in love with him, as he does with her, though in the beginning his love is of that reckless and selfish sort which his past experience of women renders more or less inevitable. The end is reached when Periwinkle saves his soul as she has already saved his body. The decisive battle is fought out on the dunes at night by a forest half buried by the sands. The lovers have wandered to that spot in the moonlight, and they are suddenly engulfed by the swirling mists, lose their way, and are forced to spend the night together. The incident terminates with a version of that "drawn-sword" motif which Mr. Hewlett employed in *The Forest Lovers*. The mood of the book is, indeed, throughout, that of Mr. Hewlett in its mingling of realism and idealism, sensuousness and spirituality. It is a difficult style in which to achieve success. If Mr. Payson has not wholly succeeded, it is because his expression still has imaginative vigour rather than refinement and pliancy, and he is apt to force the emotional note as well as to over-elaborate his verbal conceits. A little more naturalness and simplicity, even in so artificial a form, would render a truer impression of that sense of the tragedy and pathos of human life to which he responds, and of that tender and fanciful sentiment out of which he has fashioned his pretty and appealing heroine.

W. A. Bradley.

VII

Hamlin Garland's "Other Main Travelled Roads"*

In this new volume, which is intended as a companion book to the latest reprint of the *Main Travelled Roads*, Mr. Garland has gathered a sheaf of stories, some of them from other volumes, some from earlier completed but still unused manuscripts. The stories were all written about the same time as those of the other book, and in the same spirit. Admirers of Mr. Garland's work will recognise some old friends from *Prairie Folks*, the stories "William Bacon's Man," "Elder Pill, Preacher," "Lucretia Burns" and one or two others. To these are added a few yet unknown sketches, a bit of verse to begin and to end the volume, and a preface. The stories are most of them hardly more than sketches. In but one or two cases is there any semblance of plot, and even here the construction is very loose and informal. But Mr. Garland has never been distinguished by firmness of construction in his work. His good points of keen and loving observation, gentle kindly humour, an intimate sensing of Nature's more delicate moods and the power to interpret them—these are all to be found in the majority of the sketches in this latest volume. What Mr. Garland lacks as a writer, in sense and power of construction, he makes up by the definiteness of his life-philosophy. He is an observer with a

*Other Main Travelled Roads. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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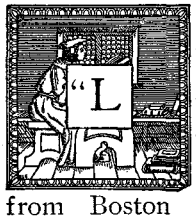
basic understanding of life upon which to found his observing, a thread upon which to string isolated facts together until they form a perfect whole, a picture with sense and meaning. Herein lies the secret of Mr. Garland's well-deserved literary reputation in spite of his carelessness in some of the rules of the work. His most informal sketches are yet complete in the picture they give, a picture that interests for its surface showing, and that tells a more finished and complete story to those who can read between the lines. In this new collection of earlier stories we find the same strength of portrayal of life in the Middle West, the hard life of the farmer, unvarnished, as it is in actuality—also with something of its underlying realities—as in the *Main Travelled Roads*. Also the same crystal-clear sincerity, the honesty which is Mr. Garland's greatest quality as a writer. It shines out from every page and makes the reading enjoyable, just as conversation is more lastingly enjoyable when we are assured of the honesty of the speaker. Notable among these sketches, if one should care to single out any special ones, is "A Day of Grace," from its powerful portrayal of the evil influence of religious revivals. The scene at the camp-meeting reads like a description of a Witches' Sabbath, and yet it impresses one with its truthfulness. "Lucretia Burns" is a powerful aid to the growing interest being taken in some quarters as to the lives of farmers' wives. It is an appealingly tragic picture, poignant in its simple pathos, in the realisation it brings that Lucretia is not an isolated case, but a type of an immense class.

J. Marchand.

HOW THE BATTLE HYMN WAS WRITTEN

(TOLD IN JULIA WARD HOWE'S OWN WORDS)



LATE in November, 1861, myself and a number of friends, including Governor Andrew, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, my pastor, and my husband, Dr. Howe, went from Boston to Washington to see what we could of the war. One day we went out into Virginia to see a review of a number of the troops, and the manœuvres were interrupted by a surprise by the enemy, in which a small body of Federal soldiers were surrounded, but afterward rescued.

"We had to drive home very slowly, the road being filled with soldiers marching back to their quarters. To beguile the time we began to sing various patriotic songs, among others old 'John Brown's Body.' Mr. Clarke said to me: 'Mrs. Howe, why won't you write new words to that good air?' I replied that I had often wished to do this. I went to bed as usual that night and woke in the grey of the early dawn, when the lines of the 'Battle Hymn' suggested themselves to me. I composed all the verses lying quietly in bed, and then, fearful that I should forget them, I sprang from the bed, found pen and ink, and scrawled them almost without seeing what I was doing. I had acquired the habit of writing this way in the dark when the fit would seize me and some one of my small children might be asleep in the room. Having accomplished my idea, I went back to bed again and fell asleep.

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THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in rows of burnished steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
O! be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea.
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;
He is wisdom to the mighty, He is succor to the brave;
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His slave:
Our God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE
died October 17, 1910, in her ninety-second year

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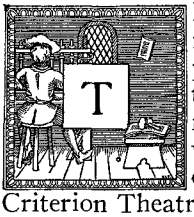
REPRINTED PAGES

MR. J. M. BARRIE AS A DRAMATIST*

BY EDWARD MORTON



HE first time Mr. Barrie's name appeared in a play-bill was as joint author with Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson of a drama which was performed six or seven years ago at the Criterion Theatre (London) for one day only. It has not been heard of from that day to this, and Mr. Marriott-Watson, turning his back upon the theatre, has since then appeared before the public only in print. There are only slight traces of Mr. J. M. Barrie, the successful dramatist of to-day, either in the style or the subject of *Richard Savage*. This was a highly romantic drama, in which the authors, with the audacity of inexperience, which defies the greatest difficulties, undertook to present historical personages on the stage—Savage and Steele, and Jacob Tonson, and the notorious Countess of Macclesfield. But there was no pretence to historical accuracy, and Mr. W. E. Henley, who wrote a prologue for the occasion, anticipated objections on that account by the ingenuous admission that Richard Savage

"stands or falls,
Not as dead Nature, but as living Art."

The authors settled the domestic affairs of Richard Savage in the spirit of romance. A rascally military officer, Colonel Jocelyn, plots to carry off the poet in order to prevent him from meeting his mother, whose feelings toward her abandoned son (using the term in more senses than one) are the reverse of those by which she is commonly supposed to have been actuated. Dick discovers his enemy by a trick, which is certainly contrived by the authors with dramatic effect. With a thrust of his sword he had wounded his masked captor in the shoulder, and the only clue he has to the discovery of his enemy is a Spanish imprecation uttered by Jocelyn. This strange oath Savage hears again at the Kit-Cat Club—from which the women of the play are not at all rigorously excluded—and nothing will satisfy the overbearing Savage but that all the members should pass in procession before him. This is the dramatic moment of the play. When he touches Jocelyn's sore shoulder the Colonel betrays himself by his bad habit of swearing in Spanish, and a duel, which takes place between the acts, is the issue of the scene. The last act passes on the day that Richard Savage is to be married to the daughter of Sir Richard Steele, who has apparently more consideration and affection for the poet than he has for his own child. The bridegroom enters Steele's drawing-room with his arm bandaged, and when he faints they do not send for a doctor—they never do on the stage—but assume that the unhappy man is dead. Thus Savage overhears the truth that his bride has consented to marry him to please her father rather than herself. This is a sacrifice the poet will not accept, and instead of saying so he removes the bandage from his arm. "What said the surgeon?" he says, by way of explanation to the audience. "'If the bandage be removed he will bleed to death in a few minutes.' 'Tis all I can do for them. Come, death." (*Takes off bandages.*) Death comes at his call and so ends the play. Neither as a piece of literary work nor as dramatic composition does *Richard Savage* rank above the ordinary novelist's play; but one does not look in vain for touches of the author's talent. If one may venture to dissociate one from the other, I should say that one catches sight of Mr. Marriott-Watson in the speech in which Richard Savage describes his journey through the beautiful country, with his wounds crying "vengeance," as he dragged his way home through Surrey; and I think one gets a glimpse of that alert faculty of invention which

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

*From THE BOOKMAN for March, 1898.

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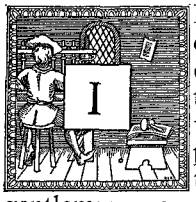
THE GENTLEMAN IN AMERICAN FICTION*

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN



IF the question were asked of us, What type of character stands at the top of our civilisation? we could give but one reply; we should say, It is the gentleman; and by gentleman we would here mean a man who is one of our masculine types of most highly developed powers.

This idea that the gentleman represents the summit of our civilisation is so vast, so plain, so shining, that it may not at once impress us very deeply; but it is the vastness, it is the openness, it is the splendour of the sun. We could not fully explain it without taking into account the history of the race for centuries past. We should need to consider that as the life of the Anglo-Saxon race has unrolled itself for hundreds of years, one by one the great departments of power, slowly, painfully, through error and defeat, but always with increasing sureness, have fallen under the right leadership of this imperial type. Nowadays it is the gentleman at the head of the army; this was not always true; the time was when such a thing was not thought of. Nowadays it is the gentleman at the head of the navy; this was not always true; it is the gentleman in the university; it is the gentleman on the bench; it is the gentleman in sport; it is the gentleman in his club; it is the gentleman in his home. We know what was the meaning of the establishment of an international copyright a few years ago; it meant the triumph of the gentlemen of the two countries in taking possession of their art in its business relations; it was the triumph of author and publisher over the low, ancient, stubborn, all but ineradicable passions of trade. At present one of the highest expressions of the unanimity of innumerable minds on this subject is the demand for the gentleman in politics. It is said that we cannot quite find him, but the demand for him is the thing that shows the rising drift of public opinion; the demand grows and grows; it will not be beaten down; it will not be turned aside; it will demand its place in the triumph of higher forces.

We should need to consider, furthermore, that not only in our national affairs, but in all our international relations, our Government and indeed the whole body of the people, has become most solicitous that its foreign representative should be a gentleman. So that, in a word, we cannot think of our modern life truly or wisely or hopefully at all but as passing more and more into the keeping of this representative kingly character, its highest masculine type of civilisation. He is general, he is admiral, he is teacher, he is judge, yachtsman, clubman, publisher, husband, father, the head of all things.

In the United States we have not only gone so far as to believe this and to act upon it, but it has become our belief that the institutions of our country have produced and do produce the finest gentleman of the world. It is our honest persuasion, however provincial, that, take him all in all, his like has never been seen elsewhere; and when this has been admitted surely enough has been said to make it clear that in the practice of our national life, in its theory, at the very heart of our towering ideals, we as a nation regard the gentleman, and the gentleman alone, as the utmost embodied excellence of our social institutions.

But inasmuch as every national literature, if it be truly such, must hold the mirror up to life, let us turn to American fiction and ask ourselves, as students of it, whether we find reflected there the image of this most real and sovereign being. Can we name the American novel in which he is duly portrayed? Can we name in any novel the character that fills out his mould? Is there a single hero in American fiction that has passed out into even general acceptance as a worthy counterpart of the American gentleman as we have seen him appear again and again in our history? We shall rather be forced to admit that no leading type of

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

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BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

BELLES LETTRES.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Ancient Myths in Modern Poets. By Helen A. Clarke.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Literature of the South. By Montross J. Moses.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Spirit of Romance. An Attempt to define somewhat the Charm of the Pre-Renaissance Literature of Latin Europe. By Ezra Pond, M.A.

Essays Modern and Elizabethan. By Edward Dowden, LL.D., D.C.L., Litt.D.

Henry Holt and Company:

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Bacon is Shakespeare. By Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart.

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Derby Day in the Yukon and Other Songs of the Northland. By Yukon Bill.

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The Country Boy. The Story of his Own Early Life. By Homer Davenport.

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The Unity of Religions. A Popular Discussion of Ancient and Modern Beliefs. Edited by J. H. Randall and J. G. Smith.

The Beauty of Every Day. By J. R. Miller, D. D.

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The Expositor's Greek Testament. Edited by Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Volume IV. (Complete in five volumes).

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Presidential Addresses and State Papers of William Howard Taft. From March 4, 1909, to March 4, 1910. Volume One.

Making Life Worth While. A Book on Health—and More. By Herbert Wescott Fisher.

Duffield and Company:

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Funk and Wagnalls Company :

Parent and Child. A Treatise on the Moral and Religious Education of Children. By Sir Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., F.R.S.

The Care and Training of Children. By LeGrand Kerr, M.D.

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The Political Theories of Martin Luther. By Luther Hess Waring, Ph.D.

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Charles Scribner's Sons:

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The Dynamic School of To-morrow. Rationalism in Teaching the Æsthetic Element in Education. A Book for American Teachers, Normal Schools and Teachers' Reading Circles. By Frank Alonzo Hildebrand.

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Betty's Happy Year. By Carolyn Wells.

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Old Mother West Wind. By Thornton W. Burgess.

The Wide-Awake Girls at College. By Katharine Ruth Ellis.

Frolics at Fairmount. By Etta Anthony Baker.

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Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:

The Young Guide, or Two Live Boys in the Maine Woods. By C. B. Burleigh.

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Two Boys in the Tropics. By Elisa Haldeman Figyelmessy.

Hearts and Coronets. A Story for Young People. By Alice Wilson Fox.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Little Old Outlaws: A Book of Children's Verses. By Anne Archbold Miller.

David McKay:

Clif Sterling. Captain of the Nine. By Gilbert Patten.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Children's Pulpit. By Edwin Hallock Byington.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

Billy Topsail and Company: A Story for Boys. By Norman Duncan.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Fugitive Freshman. By Ralph D. Paine.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Uncle Remus and the Little Boy. By Joel Chandler Harris.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Harding's Luck. By E. Nesbit.

Dick Among the Lumber-Jacks. By A. W. Dimock.

The Boy Ranchers of Puget Sound. By Harold Bindloss.

The Adventures of Two Ants. By Nanny Hammarström. Translated from the Swedish by A. E. B. Fries.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of September and the 1st of October.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Caravaners. Anon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Queen Sheba's Ring. Haggard. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.5c.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

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3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Durable Satisfactions of Life. Eliot. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 25c.
3. Mental Medicine. Huckel. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. The Lost Art of Conversation. Edited by G. Kraus. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. That Freshman. Catrevas. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Village of Vagabonds. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Fruit of Desire. Demarest. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. American Citizen. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. Historical Essays. Rhodes. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Harper's Handy Book for Girls. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. With Pickpole and Peavey. Burleigh. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. An Affair of Dishonor. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. American Baby Abroad. Crewdson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs, Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century.) $3.50.
4. An American Citizen. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. An Annapolis First Classman. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

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4. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Varmint. Johnson. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.50.
6. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Rob't Clarke Co.) $1.00.
2. Poets of Ohio. Venable. (Rob't Clarke Co.) $1.50.
3. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
4. Black Bass. Henshall. (Rob't Clarke Co.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Hilda of the Hippodrome. Paine. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Native Born. Wylie. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Varieties of Religious Experience. James. (Longmans, Green.) $3.20.
2. Mark Twain's Speeches. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. New Laokoon. Babbitt. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. George Meeks, Bath Chairman. By Himself. (Dutton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Jacqueline of the Carrier Pigeons. Seaman. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.25.
3. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Love in the Weaving. Orthwein. (Broadway Pub. Co.) $1.50.
6. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
2. Confidence or National Suicide. Stillwell. (Bankers Pub. Co.) $1.00.
3. Little Problems of Married Life. Jordan. (Revell.) $1.00.
4. The Fight for Conservation. Pinchot. (Doubleday, Page.) 60c.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Success. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Animal Why Book. Pycraft. (Stokes.) $2.00.
3. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. The Channel Islands of California. Holder. (McClurg.) $2.00.
4. Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Key to Yesterday. Buck. (Watt.) $1.50.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. An Affair of Dishonor. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. On the Branch. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
3. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 50c.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. An Interrupted Friendship. Voynich. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Fruit of Desire. Demarest. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Marriage as Trade. Hamilton. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.25.
2. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Spiritual Unrest. Baker. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. Brain and Personality. Thompson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Lost Ambassador. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Cupid's Cyclopedia. Clay and Herford. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. Poems of Oscar Wilde. (Luce.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Molly and the Unwise Man Abroad. Bangs. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. That Freshman. Cartrevas. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Mark Twain's Speeches. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
4. Education of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in the Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 75c.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Lady of the Spur. Potter. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. What's Wrong with the World. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Wilson's Bungalows. Wilson. (Wilson.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Handy Book for Girls. Paret. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Winning His Shoulder Straps. Brainerd. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Once Upon a Time. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Varmint. Johnson. (Baker-Taylor.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. An Affair of Dishonor. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
3. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) $1.40.
4. The Beast. Lindsey. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
3. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. The Beast. Lindsey. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. An Affair of Dishonor. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
4. Mr. Dooley Says. Dunne. (Scribner.) 75c.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. With Stevenson in Samoa. Moors. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. Camp Cookery. Kephart. (Outing.) $1.00.
4. Open Road. Lucas. (Holt.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Lost Ambassador. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. What's Wrong with the World. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Pilgrim Church. Ainsworth. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. Daily Ways to Health. Bishop. (Huebsch.) $1.50.

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JUVENILES

1. A U. S. Midshipman in the Philippines. Sterling. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Dainty's Winter. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Once Upon a Time. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Intrusion of Jimmy. Wodehouse. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. American Problems. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.60.
3. Privilege and Democracy in America. Howe. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mountain that Was God. Williams. (Williams.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. A U. S. Midshipman in the Philippines. Stirling. (Penn. Pub. Co.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Search After Ultimate Truth. Crane. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Education of the Will. Payton. (Funk, Wagnalls.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Yale Cup. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Patty Fairfield. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Dorothy Dainty. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Early Bird. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Highways of Progress. Hill. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.
3. The Fight for Conservation. Pinchot. (Doubleday, Page.) 60c.

JUVENILES

1. Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) $2.00.
2. Dorothy Brown. Rhoades. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Helen Grant's Teacher. Douglas. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. An Affair of Dishonor. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor's Lass. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbanks' Work. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
2. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
3. Write It Right. Bierce. (Neale.) 50c.
4. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel. Johnson. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Peeps at Many Lands. (Macmillan.) 75c.
3. Bunnikin Bunnies. Davidson. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50c.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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TORONTO, CANADA

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) $1.25.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
4. One Braver Thing (The Dop Doctor). Dehan. (Frowde.) $1.25.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Stampeder. White. (Briggs.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Prince Domino. Eaton. (Briggs.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Fruit of Desire. Demarest. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Western Women in Eastern Lands. Montgomery. (Macmillan.) 30c.
2. Mastery of Self. Larson. (Progress Company.) 50c.
3. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15c.
4. What Is Worth While. Brown. (Crowell.) 35c.

Juveniles

1. The Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50c.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Lost Ambassador. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.

Juveniles

1. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Rover Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	" "		8
"	"	3d	" "		7
"	"	4th	" "		6
"	"	5th	" "		5
"	"	6th	" "		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.	266
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.....	162
3. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50	162
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.....	144
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.....	87
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50	65

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